The Outlook

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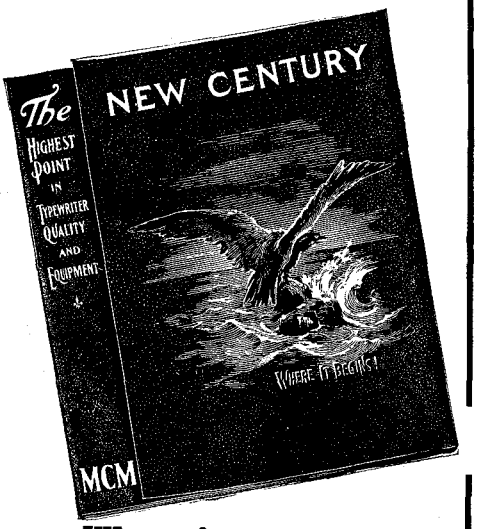

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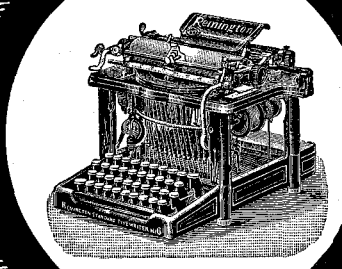

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The Outlook

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Mourning the Queen in England

The world's expression of sorrow for the Queen's death and respect for her character and influence has been freer from conventionalism, more evidently deep-felt, as well as universal, than at the death of any other monarch of modern times—one might even add, with reasonableness, in all history. That Americans, officially as well as individually, have shared this feeling and have joined earnestly in its expression was natural and to be expected; American sympathy has been spontaneous and widespread in utterance. The despatch from the new King to President McKinley in reply to the latter's message of condolence was noteworthy for its statement of the King's conviction that England's irreparable loss would be shared by the American people. The tributes to the Queen from both Houses of Parliament contained many evidences of real feeling as well as of formal condolence. Thus, Mr. Balfour, in moving the address, declared that the sorrow was felt not only as a national but also as an irreparable personal loss, and added that it was hard yet to realize the magnitude of the blow which had fallen on the country. In the whole history of the British monarchy, he said, there had never been a case in which the national grief had been so deeply seated. Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, was almost overwhelmed with emotion as he spoke of the good woman who was his friend as well as his monarch. She had reigned, he said, by sheer force of character, by the lovableness of her disposition, and by her hold on the hearts of her subjects. Lord Salisbury confirmed the statements that have been made elsewhere as to the Queen's capacity, industry, and keen interest in public affairs. She always, he said, maintained a rigorous supervision over public affairs, giving her Ministers the benefit of her advice and warning them of dangers. No Minister could disregard her views or press her to disregard them without feeling that he had incurred a great danger. She had brought the country peacefully through a great change, from old to new England. She possessed extraordinary knowledge of what people would think. When he knew what the Queen thought on any question, he knew for a certainty what her subjects would think, especially the middle classes.

❀

The Royal Funeral

Queen Victoria was so closely connected by blood or marriage to so many of the royal houses of Europe that her death throws many courts in mourning. Her oldest grandson, the Emperor of Germany, hastened to her death-bed without regard to customary state. At the funeral, which takes place on Saturday of this week at Windsor Castle, there will be a gathering of personages of royal blood seldom if ever equaled in extent. The ceremonies in London and at Windsor (where Victoria's body will lie beside that of her noble and nobly-loved husband, Albert) will be as impressive as military pageantry and a procession of the most distinguished people of the British Empire can effect. On Friday of last week a brief and simple service was held at Osborne House in the presence of the family. Later the body of the Queen was to be taken on the royal yacht Alberta to Portsmouth, where a great fleet of war-ships awaits it. There has been no public lying in state. This and many other particulars of the accession and funeral ceremonies were, it is understood, long since determined by the Queen herself. In another place will be found an editorial estimate of the Queen's character and influence and of the historical import of her reign. The Outlook also prints in this number an illuminating

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article on "The Political Influence of Queen Victoria," by Justin McCarthy, author of "A Short History of Our Own Times"—an article written, of course, some time before the Queen's death. At an early date we shall also print an article by Lord Aberdeen containing his boyhood recollections of Queen Victoria.

❀

The Accession of the New King

With all its mediæval ceremonial and quaint setting, the proclamation of the accession of Prince Albert Edward to the throne of England, under the style of Edward VII., took place on Thursday of last week. On the previous day he had reached London from the Isle of Wight, had held his first Privy Council at St. James's Palace, receiving there the homage and oaths of allegiance of the great dignitaries of Church and State, and had delivered the following brief address—an address universally regarded as being admirable both in spirit and in form, and indicative of a conservative and patriotic reign:

Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords and Gentlemen: This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen; and I know how deeply you and the whole nation, and, I think I may say, the whole world, sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.

I need hardly say that my constant endeavor will be always to walk in her footsteps.

In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented great and wise father, who by universal consent is, I think deservedly, known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.

The ceremony of proclamation was one of rare interest to the lover of the archaic. The Garter King-at-Arms, the Norroy King-at-Arms, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, heralds, pursuivants, and mace-bearers, all gorgeously appareled and some resembling in their tabards the grotesque royal figures in a pack of cards, led the little procession of trumpeters, grenadiers, and officers, conspicuous among whom was Earl Marshal Roberts. The proclamation was read at St. James's Palace, Marlborough House, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange. At the spot where once stood Temple Bar a red cord marked the line of the boundary of the city, and here the heralds were challenged in due form to maintain the city's traditional rights. They were presently admitted, and the proclamation was read in due form to the officials assembled under the great stone griffin that now marks the boundary. These were Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen, Remembrancer, and mace-bearers, in scarlet, fur-trimmed robes, cocked hats, ruffled shirts, silk knee-breeches, and low buckled shoes. The city magnates responded in unison: "We, with one voice, consent, tongue, and heart, pledge allegiance to King Edward VII.;" the trumpets sounded their fanfares; and the crowds shouted and sang "God Save the King," with some hesitation, for "God Save the Queen" was still in men's memories and hearts. In other cities of the Kingdom and of the colonies the proclamation was read with elaborate ceremony.

❀

Edward VII.

Those who know the new King best are of the opinion that he will be a wise and prudent ruler. He is not a man of unusual intellect, but he is a man of very considerable cultivation, with a great knowledge of affairs and of public men in all parts of Europe, with an unusual gift of tact, and of marked courtesy and kindliness of manner. For many years he has shown rare discretion, without, as far as we can recall, a single failure, except possibly in his rather ardent welcome of Mr. Cecil Rhodes a few years ago. There has never been any "Prince of Wales party," no court clique has formed about him, no intrigues have been carried on in his behalf. He has kept himself sedulously out of view, so far as public affairs are concerned, and his opinions on political questions have rarely been known. In this he has differed very widely from many of his predecessors in the same position. It is known that he understands thoroughly the essen-

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EDWARD THE SEVENTH

King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

tially democratic spirit of the English people; that he comprehends clearly the rigid limitations of his position in the English Government; and he has pledged himself in specific words to be a strictly constitutional King. That there were irregularities in his earlier life is beyond question; that his associations have not always been of the best is equally certain; probably the only danger which he faces is that which may arise from too great intimacy with people of indifferent moral character. The fierce light that beats upon a throne was never fiercer than in modern England. The Queen brought back the ebbing tide of loyalty by the extraordinary dignity of her character and the extraordinary purity of her court; it will be easy to lose, or sensibly diminish, the personal affection of the English people for their sovereign. So tactful a man as the new King probably understands this. His court, when it is organized, will be a much gayer one than that which surrounded the Queen; but it is very much to be hoped that it will hold to the same standards of social purity. The new King enters into the inheritance of a priceless possession of affection and loyalty; if he has the good sense with which he is accredited, he will not forfeit it. It must be remembered also that he has been conspicuous for many years in his attentions to Americans and in his expressions of good will towards this country. There is every reason to believe that in this respect he will continue to carry on unbroken the tradition of friendliness and even of intimacy which Queen Victoria established.

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Queen Alexandra

For many years some of the citizens of New York City have joined together in sending to Queen Victoria a congratulatory message on her birthday. It was a natural impulse, and one which will be echoed by admirers everywhere, which led New York citizens to telegraph last week to the new Queen, "That loyalty which we have had for Queen Victoria descends to you." The very qualities which have made the glare of publicity repugnant to Queen Victoria are also characteristic of Alexandra, the Queen-Consort of Edward VII., and among a people pre-eminently home-loving, insistence upon the rights of privacy is respected as it could not be elsewhere. The fact that Alexandra has always shrunk from publicity, however, while only deepening her popularity among her chosen people, has prevented outsiders from realizing that she bears a character perhaps as admirable as that of the late Queen, and certainly singularly like Victoria's in its essential qualities of simplicity and sincerity. It may be safely said that, aside from Queen Victoria, the recent Princess of Wales has long been by far the most popular woman in Great Britain. It is true that her charm of character is enhanced by her rare personal attractiveness. Although sixty years old and a grandmother, she still preserves her youthful appearance. Her wonderful health is largely due to the sensible manner in which the King and Queen of Denmark brought up their children; and, while devoted to her new people, Queen Alexandra has never swerved from an intense loyalty to the home of her childhood. A few years after she became Princess of Wales, some one complimented her upon her perfect English. She instantly replied, "But you know I always think in Danish." Outsiders have also formed the opinion that the Princess of Wales was a passive rather than an active character. Englishmen might reply that the good deeds of this gentle lady have been doubly good because accomplished in the most unostentatious manner. Queen Alexandra now attains the highest position of womanly dignity in the world, and her career will be followed with love and admiration by all who have ever seen her. As Dean Stanley said of his wife, so one may say of her: she has united many hearts from many lands. If anything could console the British for their irreparable loss, it is the knowledge that their new Queen is, like the old, a woman of stainless life, of simple and sincere manner, a true gentlewoman.

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A Typical Chinese Document

As was anticipated, after formally signing the preliminary note defining the demands of the Allied Powers in China, the Chinese plenipotentiaries are now desirous of discussing those demands, endeavoring to show why most of them should not be imperative. Prince Ching and Earl Li (better known as Li-Hung-Chang), the plenipotentiaries, have rarely exhibited more cleverness, moreover, than in the astute manner of indicating the impossibility of doing what they pledged to do. Concerning the prohibition of the importation of arms, for instance, the plenipotentiaries say: "In the interior of China local banditti are found everywhere, and, what is more, they carry firearms clandestinely imported from abroad. Unless the Chinese soldiers engaged in holding them in check are armed equally efficiently, it will be difficult to maintain order. Should the banditti create disturbances and make trouble, traders and other foreigners would hardly be able to avoid being injured thereby." Again, regarding indemnities, the plenipotentiaries assert that Chinese resources must be considered; they hope that "the neighboring nations will, with one accord, give their consent to the adoption of any measure which China may bring forward to create additional revenue, such as the increase of the customs tariff, the raising of mining duties, the establishment of a universal postal system, and the introduction of stamp duties, things which are already in operation throughout other countries." It will be at once seen that this is nothing less than a proposal to make foreigners pay the indemnities, for an increase in the customs tariff, for example, would perhaps make the cost of foreign goods almost prohibitive. As to mining duties, they amount already to a quarter of the gross product. Of course stamp duties would fall most heavily on foreign goods. The Chinese themselves admit the impossibility of enforcing such a tax in the interior against native goods.

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The foreign Commissioners might suggest in return that consistency would require a tax on salt. Such a tax would fall on the Chinese themselves, as salt is a Government monopoly. The Chinese plenipotentiaries also protest once more against any further warlike expeditions on the part of the allied forces, acutely adding that a fair view of the situation might permit the murders and outrages committed by foreign troops to be a set-off against the murders and outrages committed by Chinese troops, and that the buildings and articles destroyed or looted by the allied forces be allowed as a set-off against the claim for indemnity.

❀

Outrages in China Following the exposure of outrages in China by foreigners which Sir Robert Hart recently detailed, comes a still more sensational account from another eye-witness. Six years ago Dr. E. J. Dillon gave to the world perhaps the most complete of all the descriptions of the Armenian outrages, and in his article in the latest number of the "Contemporary Review" he describes the recent outrages by foreigners in China, from the standpoint of one who may be called an expert. He describes the dead bodies of Chinamen which he found choking the Pei River, and the strange stolidity of the scores of men standing upon stilts, fishing for soles, and yet never moving away from the bodies of their compatriots. When Dr. Dillon asked one why they remained fishing in such places, the reply was, "We may be killed at any time, but while we live we must eat, and for food we have to work. The river is full of corpses, for the Russians killed every Chinaman they met; they never looked whether we had crosses or medals." Apparently the Russians shot every one, Christian or not. Having one day to step over eight human bodies at Tungchau, Dr. Dillon asked why they had been killed. "Eight?" was the reply; "there are seven more down there. What they did? actually nothing. Ask what they would have done and I shall answer 'arson.' They were suspected of an intention to set fire to houses." Dr. Dillon describes the murder of others who were suspected of nothing at all, but were simply massacred in cold blood, as, for instance, of three hundred coolies at Taku. The attack of the foreign troops upon Taku decided them to go ashore from the steamers which they were unloading in the stream. Steering landward, each of the three hundred at once became a target for Muscovite bullets. This is but one example of the way in which thousands of men, women, and children were butchered. Mere looting is comparatively innocent in comparison; and especially in comparison with such an unspeakable horror as is described in the following excerpt:

> A large number of ill-starred women fell alive into the hands of the allied troops. I saw some of them in Peking and Tungchau, but already dead. . . . There is a lady missionary in Peking, who, in company with a female colleague, busied herself, to my knowledge, for months in shielding Chinese women and girls from being raped by Christian and European soldiers, and the work was anything but easy. Even in the broad daylight soldiers hung about the Refuge and employed various devices and tricks to get hold of the women, whom they ought to have been the first to protect.

Dr. Dillon adds: "No officers or soldiers of English or German speaking nationalities have been guilty of such abominations" as those described in the last paragraph; indeed, he exonerates American troops from anything but a minor and sporadic share in all the atrocities.

❀

A Baseless Slander In contrast with this testimony are some of the utterances of American journals which ought to be better informed. The New York "Times," which on most subjects does keep itself and its readers well informed, and which prides itself on printing "all the news that's fit to print," loses no opportunity to charge not only Americans but missionaries with complicity in these wholesale massacres. Thus in an editorial last week it says, apropos of these Russian murderous and marauding expeditions, that "the Christian missionaries themselves are understood to be the most vociferous plauditors of the operations, the most implacable demanders of Chinese blood." There is not the least evidence to sustain this assertion. There is abundant evidence that it is absolutely false. We denounce it as a baseless slander and call for the

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evidence, or, in the absence of evidence, for retraction.

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Mr. Paul Botha on the Boers

No recent publication concerning affairs in South Africa has excited so much comment as has Mr. Paul Botha's pamphlet "From Boer to Boer." As a child Mr. Botha had accompanied his parents on the "Great Trek," that mighty Boer emigration from Cape Colony. He settled in the Orange Free State, where for nearly a quarter of a century he was a member of the Volksraad. Though he was compelled to serve with the Boer army last year, he earned the enmity of President Steyn and of the anti-British element by his opposition to the conflict. In his pamphlet, accordingly, he does not spare Boer or Briton. He affirms that the greatest mistake made by the British in South Africa was the refusal of the London Government years ago to accept the responsibility and trouble of governing all South Africa. That Government had declared the Orange Free State British territory, but had later abandoned it to its own devices. The same treatment was accorded the Transvaal. This weak and spasmodic policy naturally made the Boers distrustful and contemptuous of all English statesmen. Of course the Boers were densely ignorant, and it was easier for designing persons to mislead than to lead them. Those leaders who played upon their vanity and upon their anti-British prejudices obtained most influence. Nor did their prejudices stop there; they had almost a Chinese dread of innovations. Mr. Botha says that when he first advocated railway development he was threatened with stoning, while a locusts' plague was regarded as directly sent by God. However, the venerable author considers his countrymen in general law-abiding though independent in spirit; they commit few crimes of violence; they make good husbands and fathers; their good nature and hospitality are proverbial. While most Boers regard Mr. Kruger with reverence, Mr. Botha believes him to be an avaricious, unscrupulous, and hypocritical man. As our author is an Orange Boer, he is especially bitter in speaking of Mr. Steyn, whom he regards as either dishonest or a fool; in any case, Mr. Kruger's dupe. The two ex-Presidents, according to Mr. Botha, have sacrificed the Boers to their cupidity. He concludes by an appeal to the Free Staters to live beside the Britons in peace under the British flag, because he feels that peace and prosperity are not possible under another flag. He thinks that a firm government by the British might, in the end, satisfy the Boers, adding that "it's a jerky hand upon the reins that makes them jib."

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Congress: Tax-Reduction and Coinage Bills

The report of the Senate Committee on the War Revenue Reduction Bill, and the report of the House Committee on Representative Hill's "Act to Maintain the Silver Dollar at a Parity with Gold," were the most important proceedings in Congress last week. The Senate tax bill, like that which passed the House, provides for a cut of $40,000,000 in the present revenues of the National Government. It differs from the House bill, however, in that it lowers the tax on beer to $1.50 a barrel instead of $1.60, lowers the taxes on cigars and tobacco, and does away with the tax on the capital of banks, and makes up for these reductions by retaining the present tax on bank checks and a portion of the present taxes on proprietary medicines. Inasmuch as the House bill seemed to us to violate public sentiment in reducing the beer tax from $2 to $1.60, it is needless to say that we condemn the further reduction proposed in the Senate. The reduction of the tobacco taxes is probably supported by public sentiment, though the repeal of the tariff on tea would, in our opinion, be more popular as well as more advantageous in every respect. The reduction in the tax on banking capital is not, we believe, supported by public sentiment, though it is not a matter of great importance. The retention of the present tax on bank checks is in our judgment wise, whether it is popular or not. The fact that it brings home the presence of taxation to many people who are inclined to forget that the National Government ever taxes them is one of its good features. When people see that they are taxed, they are more disposed to demand economical government. The currency changes proposed in the House bill reported favorably

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by the Coinage Committee last week are of very great importance, but not likely to be enacted into law at the present session. They not only authorize but direct the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem silver coin in gold on demand, and provide that the silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act shall hereafter be coined into small change instead of standard silver dollars, and that outstanding silver dollars may hereafter be converted into subsidiary coins at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. The passage of this bill would completely place the currency of the country upon a gold basis, since all the silver currency would be mere promises to pay gold.

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Chicago Street Railway Policy

The action of the Chicago Board of Aldermen in recommending to the Legislature the bill drafted by the Chicago Street Railway Commission gives to the report of that Commission unusual importance by showing that its conclusions are in harmony with present public sentiment. These conclusions in regard to the most important questions of street railway policy are as follows:

1. Local control as against State control. [Already established in Illinois.]
2. Short-time franchises. [Already established, the present law limiting grants to twenty years.]
3. The recognition of the street railway business as a natural monopoly. The Commission recommends that all franchises be made to expire together, so as to give the city a free hand.
4. The authorizing of cities to own and operate their street railways. "The city," says the report, "may not deem it expedient to exercise this power, but with such a power in reserve the city would be in a position to make much better terms with private corporations."
5. A popular referendum upon important questions of street railway policy when ten per cent. of the voters petition therefor. [Even when unexercised, this power on the part of the general public would be a protection against corrupt grants.]
6. The securing of an uninterrupted street railway service by requiring the companies receiving grants to submit all labor disputes to arbitration.

The only important question upon which the Commission does not submit a positive recommendation is that of low fares to passengers as against large payments to the city treasury. Even this question is raised in the report, and a telling argument in favor of the policy of low fares is presented in a letter from Milo R. Maltbie, the editor of "Municipal Affairs," to Mr. George C. Sikes, the Secretary of the Commission. "High charges and large compensation to the city," says Mr. Maltbie, "assist the taxpayer at the expense of the traveling public. By so doing, the city not only indirectly taxes those least able to bear the burden, but it stimulates overcrowding and prevents workmen from moving to the suburbs, where they can be better housed and secure more light and better air." What the Commission has to say about municipal ownership is one of many illustrations of the advance of public sentiment on this question during the past fifteen years. It does not take a doctrinaire attitude in favor of municipal ownership under all circumstances, and it even opposes municipal operation of street railways under the present circumstances in Chicago. But it treats the whole matter as one to be settled by the public sense of what the public welfare demands, and not by the cry-words of "individualism" or "socialism."

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Cuban Schools

While the difference of opinion as to educational matters between Governor Wood and Mr. Frye, until recently Superintendent of Schools in Cuba, is regrettable, it should not be supposed that the disagreement which has resulted in the resignation of Mr. Frye at all reflects on the purpose or energy of either of the two officials. Mr. Frye seems to have thought that Governor Wood's policy in declining to push immediately an increase in the number of schools was injurious to the cause of education, and that his own powers were unduly restricted. Governor Wood, in reply to the criticisms made by Mr. Frye, gives a most satisfactory and encouraging account of what has been done in Cuba for education since the American occupation. It is of peculiar interest to note that the new school law, just promulgated, was written by a lieutenant in the army who had been a teacher before going to West Point. The law is based largely upon the Ohio School Law, and General Wood considers it in every point thor-

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oughly suited for the purpose. That an officer of the lowest grade in the army should thus be able to turn to account his civilian acquirements illustrates the way in which the officers of the United States army are, in a hundred different ways, aiding in reconstructing Cuba. General Wood shows that the schools have increased in a few months from a few hundred to over three thousand, and that the need now is not for establishing new schools, but for improving those already existing. The school attendance has been doubled and redoubled several times since our control was established; and there are now one hundred and sixty thousand children in school, while three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of supplies have been distributed. The work of organization is difficult, as the teachers have to be drawn from the people, and most of them have had little or no previous experience; and many of the schools are established in small thatched houses, to which, if they are in the interior of the island, supplies and books have to be sent by pack-trains. This year, General Wood declares, the expenditure for school needs will be over four million dollars out of a total revenue of perhaps eighteen million. Certainly this appears to be adequate provision when it is remembered that out of the revenue, besides ordinary expenses, the authorities have had to rebuild and equip hospitals, jails, asylums, and light-houses, open up abandoned highways, and rebuild bridges. Governor Wood rightly holds that the greatest need of Cuban schools is the instruction of the teachers in modern methods. Last summer's trip of teachers to Cambridge did something in this direction, but was necessarily inadequate and partial; now summer normal schools are to be established throughout Cuba, and pains taken to bring to the island first-class instructors in educational methods; while it is also hoped that four or five hundred teachers may be sent to the United States to receive instruction.

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Giuseppe Verdi

Last week Italy's greatest composer passed away. In the death of Guiseppe Verdi not only Italy but the world loses by far its most eminent writer of operatic music since Mozart, Weber, and Wagner. Verdi's career showed a quality not characteristic of the careers of most men—namely, a constant adaptation to the times in which he lived. This career embraced sixty years, a period covering more changes in music-ideals than has any other like period. When it began, the world was enjoying the flamboyant and comparatively insincere music of Rossini and Donizetti. Like all of theirs, however, Verdi's first music was thoroughly Italian in emotion, sensuousness, and color, but, unlike theirs, his melodies were broader, his phrasing saner yet more buoyant, and his arias, duets, quartets, and choruses had the practical advantage of being easier to sing than were those of his contemporaries. Of his earlier period "Il Trovatore" is perhaps his best work, although "Rigoletto" first established its composer as the world's favorite. But Verdi was to proceed to still more masculine and less meretricious music. Mere beauty of melody was to give place to greater dramatic energy, both in choral harmony and in eloquent orchestration. Of his second period, "Aïda" stands as probably the most widely recognized if not the most characteristic work—indeed, in dignity and depth of dramatic vitality it is generally considered the greatest Italian opera. It combines, as does no other, an Italian beauty with the unresting virility which Wagner had brought into the world of music, hitherto dominated by the serenity of Beethoven. Few operas have ever been more eagerly acclaimed, and none have had greater popular success. Verdi's later and still more vigorous achievements, "Otello" and "Falstaff," were based directly on Shakespeare, the text being written by Arrigo Boito, an author who had much influence upon the composer's later years. In these operas, even more completely than he had done in "Aïda," he abandoned conventional forms. In Verdian music, at least, the victory of German ideas, looking towards greater emotional freedom, was now complete. Yet, to the last, the composer was so fertile in melodic inventiveness as to indicate no apparent loss either in individuality or in nationality. Ninety years old, he still exhibited to the world the inspiring spectacle of one, though a great genius, always seeking to learn and to improve. Verdi had long devoted himself particularly to the home

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for indigent Italian artists which he had founded near Milan. It is known as the "Casa di Riposo" (House of Rest), and is designed to accommodate a hundred men and women, each of whom has a separate room. For the endowment of this home Verdi had been accustomed each year to set aside a part of his income from copyrights. Not only as composer and philanthropist was Verdi beloved; he was also highly esteemed as a citizen. Forty years ago Count Cavour recognized this treble popularity, and, the King consenting, made Verdi a life Senator of the Italian Parliament.

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The Pittsburg Orchestra The Pittsburg orchestra gave an excellent concert in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week which deserves notice. The occasion was of more than local interest, since the organization and achievements of this orchestra form a hopeful sign of growth of musical taste in this country. The Pittsburg Orchestra was organized in 1895, and was a direct outgrowth of Mr. Carnegie's gift to the city of Pittsburg of a building containing a fine music hall. Beginning with fifty players, the orchestra has now grown until it numbers seventy-five. A group of public-spirited men of Pittsburg have guaranteed a sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for the support of the orchestra for the present musical season, which has enabled the managers to engage players of the first rank for twenty-one weeks, during which period the performers give their entire time to daily rehearsals and concerts. The orchestral numbers of the concert given here last week comprised Beethoven's Leonore Overture, Number 3, Dvoràk's "From the New World" symphony, a new symphonic poem entitled "Hero and Leander," composed by Mr. Herbert, the conductor, and a Spanish Fantaisie by Rimski-Korsikoff, the best representative of the new Russian school. We mention the programme, not in order to criticise it in detail, although it was played with brilliance and good musical feeling, but to show what excellent music Pittsburg, through the efforts of the supporters of this orchestra, is enabled to enjoy. We think it a significant thing that Pittsburg, which is characteristically an American city, supposed to be devoted to manufacturing and commerce, should have in so short a time established on so sure a footing one of the three permanent orchestras of the country. Chicago and Boston can boast of orchestral music established on a similar basis, but New York cannot, for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, fine as it is, has no guarantee fund behind it, and must take not only the artistic attitude, but also the bread-and-butter attitude towards concert-giving. As this enterprise of Pittsburg is a manifestation of native American interest in music, the managers of the orchestra have made a happy choice of a conductor in selecting Mr. Victor Herbert, who, although an Irishman by birth, and trained as a 'cello player under German leadership, has lived in this country so long a time as to be practically identified with American life. We think the Pittsburg "Leader" was right in recently alluding editorially to the Pittsburg orchestra as one of the most valuable assets possessed by the city.

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Leo XIII. on Socialism Last week the Pope issued an encyclical on Socialism. Only an abstract of it has been telegraphed, and this is therefore but an abstract of an abstract. The Pope recalls his two previous encyclicals on social questions and reviews recent work in this direction, especially the foundation of labor bureaus, funds established for the benefit of the rural classes, and workingmen's associations of all kinds. He considers the appellation "Christian Socialism" incorrect. Even the qualification "Christian Democracy" is attacked by some people as being ill-sounding. Careful distinction, he says, must be drawn between Socialism and Christian Democracy. The first concerns itself solely with material possessions, seeking to establish equality and a common holding of goods. Christian Democracy, on the contrary, respects the principles of divine law, and, while seeking material amelioration, has in view the spiritual welfare of the people. Nor should Christian Democracy be confounded with political democracy. The encyclical eulogizes the giving of alms, which, it declares, the Socialists wrongly regard as insulting

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to the poor. It says that alms, on the contrary, serve to tighten the ties of social charity. The essential point, however, is that Christians should act together to preserve community of effort and sentiment. The Pontiff concludes by exhorting the faithful to inspire themselves with these principles, and to inculcate them. They must urge the people and workmen to shun everything invested with a seditious or revolutionary character, respect the rights of others, be respectful to their masters, and observe sobriety and religious practices. Thus will social peace again become flourishing throughout the world.

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The Broadway Tabernacle

Certain historic churches in America appeal to the loyalty or to the imagination of every one. Among such are Trinity Church, New York, the Old South, Boston, St. Michael's at Charleston, and—when one considers its distinguished service prior to and during our Civil War—the Broadway Tabernacle in the metropolis. During the past week this church has been celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of its foundation. At the first meeting there were present a few men who had seen the beginning of the present congregation in the old Broadway Tabernacle, in a building a hundred feet east of Broadway, between Leonard and Worth Streets, then known as Anthony Street and Catherine Lane. By far the great majority, however, of those present were men and women whose association with the church had begun much later. At all the meetings there was reference to the fact that the Tabernacle is an outgrowth of the great revival movements started by Charles G. Finney; he was succeeded in turn by Drs. Andrews, Thompson, Taylor, and by the present pastor. The pastorates of Drs. Thompson and Taylor were remarkable, covering between them nearly half a century. The very name Broadway Tabernacle brings back memories of a church which was also a forum and tribune of the people. From its pulpit anti-slavery speeches were made by Garrison, Phillips, and Beecher, and it was the principal large hall opened to anti-slavery gatherings. To show the prominent part taken by the church in the salvation of our country, it may be mentioned that soon after the battle of Bull Run, when President Lincoln asked for more men, the Broadway Tabernacle raised thirty thousand dollars in one evening to equip a regiment. President Lincoln returned the money with the information that such prompt and patriotic action had so inspired the whole country as to supply the need for volunteers.

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Anglicans and Roman Catholics and Edward VII.

The London "Gazette," the official chronicle of the Court of St. James's, in its issue of last week contained a Royal Proclamation decreeing the necessary alterations in the liturgy of the Established Church of Great Britain. "King" is substituted for "Queen," "Edward" for "Victoria," "Our Sovereign Lord" for "Our Sovereign Lady," and in the prayer for the Royal family, "Our gracious Queen Alexandra; George, Duke of Cornwall and York, and the Duchess of Cornwall and York" for "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales." No edition of the English Prayer-Book may henceforth be printed save with such amendment, and the "Gazette" strictly charges all the clergy that they "do with the pen correct and amend all such prayers in their church books." It is noticeable that the Royal command does not indicate that the Duke of Cornwall and York is to be the Prince of Wales, although it is expected that a patent will be issued at the time of the coronation of Edward VII. for the creation of the title of Prince of Wales. The title of Duke of Cornwall, borne by Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, descends immediately to his son, but it is not so with the title "Prince of Wales." ——Cardinal Vaughan's pastoral letter was read on Sunday of this week in all of the Roman Catholic churches throughout England. It is charged with noble and sincere tributes to the memory of the Queen, but its distinction between what Catholics may do privately and what the Church may do officially will strike most Protestants as curious. May not the Church of Christ be as catholic in its spirit as the individual Christian?

Of public religious services for the dead the Catholic Church knows none but such as she

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has instituted for the souls of her own children. At the same time we may remind you that it is lawful to those who believe that any persons who have departed this life in union with the soul of the Church, though not in her external communion, to offer privately prayers and good works for their release from purgatory. Gladly and eagerly shall we join in the purely civil and social mourning that will be generously offered by the nation to the memory of such a Queen. Where there are church-bells they will be tolled, and the national flag may be placed at half-mast either within or without the precincts of our churches. We fully and acutely share the national sorrow and the anxiety inseparable with such a period. We trust and pray that the noble traditions established by the mother will be carried on and perfected by her son. The attachment of Catholics to the throne and dynasty is beyond suspicion.

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The Circuit System among Hebrews

At a recent meeting of the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations" in Cincinnati, the most interesting plan adopted was that of having certain preachers and field-secretaries regularly meet with and preach for Hebrews residing in communities too small for established Jewish church privileges. Secretary Levy, who has held his office since the Union was organized, declares that this decision is important for two reasons. One is that marriages of Hebrew men to Christian women will not be so frequent as in the past, with possible estrangement of the head of a family from the Jewish faith and consequent loss of the entire family to the Jewish Church. Personally we hope that these marriages may be multiplied, not because they draw from the Jewish Church, but because they break down sectarian lines. The second reason is that there will be more places for the graduates from the Hebrew Union College to fill as rabbis. It is now practically assured that this college will not be removed from Cincinnati. The Isaac Wise Endowment Fund Committee has already raised over a hundred thousand dollars for the benefit of the Hebrew Union College. The Union's committee on civil and religious rights condemns, with righteous indignation, the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Rumania, and earnestly asks relief for the sufferers. We hope this appeal will meet with wide response. The attendance at Cincinnati this year was half again as large as that of any previous meeting.

Queen Victoria

The President's cablegram to the King of England, expressing the sympathy of the American people with the people of England in the death of Queen Victoria, appears to us to state very felicitously in a single sentence her life-achievement: her "noble life and beneficent influence have promoted the peace and won the affection of the world."

The value of government is in the inverse proportion of its brilliant, startling, and dramatic character. That is the best government which apparently does the least, but which, preserving and promoting peace, leaves the people of the realm free to pursue in quietness their ordinary vocations: the merchant, trade; the lawyer, the administration of justice; the minister, the offices of religion; the teacher, instruction; the author, literature. A reign so characterized by peace will be fruitful in advantages to all; population will increase, commerce will be extended, inventions will multiply, education will be broadened, literature will be enriched, the moral and religious life of the people will be vivified and improved. In another article in this issue we endeavor to indicate to how great an extent these results have been produced during the Victorian Era.

To many casual and careless readers of contemporary history Queen Victoria will seem to have done little because she has done so much. The century has been one of revolutions. In our own country one of the most terrible civil wars of history has been fought. On the Continent France, Italy, Spain, have all been subjected to revolutions, and the entire Continent has felt the disturbance of these revolutions and of serious inter-State wars. During all this time England has been at peace. The Sepoy rebellion in India and the South African wars, recent and earlier, have done little or nothing to disturb her insular serenity. The Crimean War was more serious, yet it did little to excite her passions or paralyze her industries. If she had followed the unwise advisers who were eager to embroil her in American affairs, she might easily have set her own population in turmoil, if she had not imperiled her own shipping, by taking part in our Civil War. That, despite these embroilments of other nations,

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she has kept the peace always at home and generally abroad, is due, probably, to the influence of no one person more than to that of the Queen.

Nor is it only out of war that the nation has been kept through her influence; to her influence also is to be credited the fact that the nation has passed through a great political revolution without serious disturbance. During the reign of Victoria the gradual revolution has been consummated which has converted Great Britain from a feudal monarchy to a popular representative government. The last vestige of political power has been quietly abandoned by the monarch, the political supremacy of the landed aristocracy has been surrendered, even the veto power of the Lords has been so far modified as to be almost annulled, the suffrage has been increased until it is almost as unlimited as in this country, and the supreme power has been absorbed quietly but absolutely and unquestionably by the common people acting through the House of Commons.

That this revolution might easily have been made to involve widespread and serious disturbances to England's peace and prosperity is evident from the Chartist riots, at one time so full of threat to the public welfare. That it has been accomplished without creating serious antagonisms at the time or leaving a chasm between the upper and lower classes in English society is due primarily to the wisdom and self-restraint of the English aristocracy, and to no single person more than to the Queen, whose gracious and graceful leadership they have accepted and followed. It is true that a great part of the wisdom of her reign was due to the Prime Ministers, in the selection of whom she had no part; but it is also true that only a very wise woman could have worked harmoniously with men of such different political purposes and such widely variant personal temperaments, some of whom were, if report be true, uncongenial to her. It was she who has thus given through all the changing administrations of the past sixty years a continuity to English political history which has been lacking in the history of Spain, Italy, France, and the United States, and, during a part of that time, in Germany also. For during the entire period of her reign she has been no idle figurehead, but an active, though never self-willed or aggressive, influence, and always an influence for peace, toleration, harmony, and the national welfare.

As Queen she has promoted peace; as wife, mother, woman, she has won love. It is quite safe to say that she was the most widely loved woman in the world at the time of her death; in truth, she was probably the most widely loved woman of European history. The love her subjects have borne to her, even more than her wise policy, has cemented the Empire; and it is not without some sense of apprehension that those outside that Empire who rejoice in its greatness and desire its undimmed glory, as we do, look to see whether her death will do aught to dissolve the subtle bond that binds its scattered portions into one organic whole. The Court which under the Georges was one of the most corrupt in Europe has become almost if not quite Puritan in its stainlessness. The Queen's thriftiness is sometimes smilingly alluded to as her weakness; but we count the simplicity of her personal life and her legitimate economies one of the most healthful of the social influences which she exerted. An exuberant and ostentatious woman, fond of display and extravagant in her tastes, would have inflicted an incalculable moral evil on English society.

As the head of a great Empire Queen Victoria has quietly relinquished political power that she might retain and exert political influence, and has thus set a noble example to women the world over, whose political influence is ever the wider and more pervasive the less ambitious they are to possess and exercise political power. As the head of the Court, she has set an example of purity and simplicity which Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Washington might well emulate. As wife and mother, compelled to live in an unavoidable publicity from the beginning to the end of her eventful life, she has by her womanliness glorified woman. Her influence extended far beyond the realm in which she could have exerted political authority. She was loved wherever the English language is spoken or English life is known, by unnumbered thousands who had never seen her. American flags at half-mast express the sincere sorrow of American hearts in her death. Her memory is

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revered in Australia, India, Africa, Egypt, and throughout the Continent of Europe scarcely less than in her own native island.

Her Court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

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The Victorian Age

Many of the greatest periods in the history of the world bear the names of individual rulers. This is not accidental. An age is made great, more than anything else, by the presence of powerful personalities, and it has happened more than once that the head of a State in one of these productive periods has been so sympathetic towards its general movement, so responsive to its appeals, or so generous in recognition of its activities, that the name of the ruler has almost instinctively been chosen to characterize the epoch. The Age of Pericles was personified in a ruler who seemed to gather up into himself all the great traits of his race, and who stands for its poise, its self-control, its marvelous intellectuality, its artistic feeling, and its capacity for dealing with affairs. The Augustan Age found in its accomplished ruler a representative and patron of the flowering of the Latin genius. In the person of Queen Elizabeth the great period which bears her name was curiously personified: its learning, which verged constantly towards pedantry, its restlessness, its ambition, its passionate vitality, its far-reaching activities, its splendor of expression, its richness of temperament, were all illustrated in her nature, her character, her taste, and her career. An analogy might be traced between the placid Queen Anne and the characteristics of the period which bears her name.

It is not difficult to recognize the interior relationship between the late Queen and the great period in English history during which she wore the crown; between the Victorian era and Victoria the sovereign; for there were broad lines of sympathy between the Queen and her time.

That age has been so many-sided that it is not easy to enumerate all its various activities, or to trace within brief compass its manifold developments. To do so would be to rewrite largely the record of the century which was given to the readers of The Outlook in a recent issue. In political development, in scientific achievement, in industrial evolution, in literary productiveness, England holds a first place in the movement of the century, and that place was won largely by the work done between the accession of the Queen in 1837 and the end of her reign. It is easier to indicate the characteristics of the age than to retell the familiar story of its achievement.

It has been, in the first place, a period of transition; and the genius of the English people was never more conspicuously shown in its deference to law, its hold upon realities, its capacity for growth, than in the vast revolution effected between the beginning and the end of the century. The Queen's reign was the longest in history; but the years over which it extended hardly typify the magnitude of the development of the English people. The Queen was crowned four years after the death of Goethe, who was essentially a man of the eighteenth century; and the rapidity of the movement of change and its radical nature are brought clearly before the mind when one places at the beginning of the Queen's reign the great figure of Goethe, with its Olympian repose, its Olympian interests, and its almost Olympian indifference to the immediate needs of humanity, and at its close the pathetic, appealing figure of Tolstoï, a man of genius, pierced with the passion of humanity, and bearing the cross of human sorrow upon his heart. Between these two men lies a revolution in the art of letters and in the philosophy of life. It is in this change of spiritual attitude that the deepest transition of the age is to be found, though its more obvious features are seen when one remembers that Lord Melbourne was the first Prime Minister under the Queen and Mr. Gladstone one of the latest, and that between the administration of these two men England became practically a democracy.

Ages of transition are almost invariably ages of intense activity; and one of the prime characteristics of the Victorian era is its indomitable energy in religion, philanthropy, politics, industry, exploration, expansion of power, science, and art.

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The Victorian era is starred with great names and significant advances. Recalling the statesmen, preachers, religious thinkers, reformers, scientists, writers, leaders of industry, settlers, and soldiers who have extended the Empire, one is almost overwhelmed by the splendid group of gifted persons who have gathered about the throne of the Queen, and who have carried English power, influence, and spirit to the highest point of expression. Not since the days of Elizabeth has there been such a tidal wave of spiritual and material energy put forth by the English race, and not even in the days of Elizabeth was that tide made so fertilizing. From a kingdom England has become an empire; and this material expansion is but a symbol of the extension of her rule in all the great provinces of thought.

The highest characteristic of the Victorian Age, however, has been its creativeness; this was pre-eminently a characteristic of the Elizabethan Age. The traditional Englishman of the last century lingers long and dies hard, and we have come to think of the Englishman as a person of phlegmatic temperament, immovable resolution, great capacity, but lacking alertness, variety, and vivacity. But races change their characteristics from age to age in the most striking manner. The Englishman of the sixteenth century was a very different person from the Englishman of the eighteenth century, and the Englishman of the nineteenth century is a very different person from the Englishman of the eighteenth century. He has not lost his coolness nor parted with the vigor of his will, but he has recovered very much of the spontaneity, the many-sided activity, and the vivacity of his ancestors of the Elizabethan Age. English literature, since the accession of the Queen, reflects as in a mirror, not only the creative spirit of the epoch, but also its vast variety, its manifold interests, its capacity for change. Between Tennyson, who, more than any other, has expressed the spiritual life of the epoch and will stand for its highest achievements in art, and Rudyard Kipling, there is the whole range of human interest and achievement.

In one respect, however, the Victorian era has differed essentially from the Elizabethan era: it has felt the counterweight of the critical mood. The creative impulse and energy of the Elizabethan Age ran out into all forms of eccentricity; the genius of the Victorian period has been kept in poise by the steadying influence of a great body of scholarship and of a highly organized critical opinion. The age has been eminently productive in all the great fields of knowledge. Science has gone step by step with religion in claiming a foremost place in human interest and activity; industry has held its own with art as a prime object of human interest; and in every field of action, whether artistic or material, there has been an accumulation of knowledge which has balanced, and in a sense controlled, the play of the inventive faculty.

The Queen, whose fame will owe much to the splendor of the period during which she reigned, might have antagonized its deepest movements. The sincerity and sympathy with which she bore herself towards the democratic movement is commented upon editorially elsewhere; and Mr. McCarthy in his article also brings these qualities clearly into view. The Queen was not only in sympathy with the great movement of the time which has changed England from an aristocracy to a democracy, but she was also in sympathy with its broad movement of thought. The head of an Established Church, her own religious life was of the simplest and most fundamental kind, and she made room in her thought for a large catholicity towards all the interpretations of the Christian faith; the tolerance, the breadth, and the noblest charity of the time were typified by her. She loved dramatic art of the best kind, she was devoted to music, she was an excellent judge of pictures; and in the appointment of Tennyson as the official representative of English literature she selected the one man who, more than any other, gathered up in himself all the great qualities which make a man of letters. She did more than this; for in manifold ways she showed her sympathies with the best in English life and art. For these reasons, and not because she was Queen of England in a great age, she will receive from posterity something of the fame which was secured by the great Englishmen and Englishwomen of her time.

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The Philippine Commission's Report

We give on another page a full account of the report of the Philippine Commission. This extremely able, comprehensive, but somewhat optimistic report answers authoritatively some of the questions which the public have been asking concerning the present conditions and the future prospects of the Philippines. Referring our readers to our report of the document itself for information on these points, we desire here to emphasize the three immediate needs of the Filipinos which the Commission makes very clear. They are:

Civil government.

The organization of corporate industry.

The adjustment of the perplexing question concerning the friars and their lands.

These are immediate needs. Independence is not an immediate need. The American people are agreed, or easily ought to be able to agree, upon these questions; they are not agreed upon the question of independence. It is the clear duty of Congress to provide in some way for these immediate needs; it has no right to postpone such provision until it has made up its mind on the question of independence.

I. The Filipinos are restless under a military government. They are right to be restless. They have known under Spain nothing but a quasi-military rule; they are entitled to an immediate experience of freedom under civil rule. They ought to be assured and guaranteed at once amnesty for all political offenses; the trial of Filipinos accused of other than political offenses before civil courts composed chiefly, if not exclusively, of their own countrymen; all the civil and religious rights enjoyed by citizens of the United States in any of its Territories; and as large a share in the administration and control of their government as they are prepared to assume. We conceive that the only objectors to this programme would be those who desire war for war's sake, or are unwilling to offer any terms while any Filipinos have arms in their hands, those who desire the Philippine Archipelago as a field for commercial exploitation, and those doctrinaires who are unwilling to promise the Filipinos civil and religious liberty unless they can also simultaneously promise them political independence. With these exceptions—and they constitute a small minority—the entire country, North and South, East and West, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Democratic, is agreed in desiring to guarantee the Filipinos these essential and fundamental rights. Why should not Congress say so, and say so at once and with unanimity?

Nor is it enough for Congress to say what it will do. Congress ought to act. The Filipinos have been taught by long experience not to trust to promises of foreigners. That they do not discriminate very clearly between Spanish foreigners and American foreigners is natural. They want deeds, not words; and they have a right to deeds. If Congress has not the time, the leisure, or the inclination to formulate at this time a definite plan for the final civil government of the archipelago, or if it thinks, as it has reason to think, that the facts are not yet sufficiently known, nor even the desires of the Filipinos yet sufficiently formulated, to make a final form of civil government possible, the least it can do is to enable the President to organize a provisional civil government under which the civil and religious liberties of the Filipinos can be secured and the industries of the island can be organized. This is the purport of the so-called Spooner Bill, which is modeled upon a similar bill passed after the acquisition of Louisiana, conferring similar powers upon President Jefferson. It is very short, and reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That when all insurrection against the sovereignty and authority of the United States in the Philippine Islands, acquired from Spain by the treaty concluded at Paris on the tenth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, shall have been completely suppressed by the military and naval forces of the United States, all military, civil, and judicial powers necessary to govern the said islands shall, until otherwise provided by Congress, be vested in such person and persons, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of said islands in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion.

If there are objections to this bill, let

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them be stated; if there are amendments to it, let them be offered; if any man in Congress is ready with a better plan for giving the Filipinos what they justly demand, a civil government, let him suggest it. But let us have done with this shameful business of postponing all consideration of our duties toward this distant and dependent people, while we discuss our ship subsidy bill for the promotion of our own interests or the interests of a favored few among us, or play at politics by threshing over the old question who is responsible for the war and whether, by and by, in five years or fifty years, we will grant entire independence to the Filipino people. What they want they want *now*—namely, the civil and religious rights which belong to all men whatever their race or their form of government.

II. Coupled with this need of civil government is the need of an organization of industry. The Commissioners say that many applications for the purchase of public lands have already been received and large amounts of American capital are only waiting the opportunity for investment, and they urge Congress to confer on the insular government authority for "the organization of railway, banking, and other corporations, and the granting of franchises generally."

There is much encouragement, but some ground for apprehension, in these statements; certainly the authority to grant franchises should be a carefully limited authority. A first duty of Congress is to see that in this period of transition the wealth of the islands is not exploited by Americans for Americans. It is true that such exploitation would be better, even for the Filipinos, than that it should lie forever idle and unused. But a provisional government should have the right to grant only provisional franchises. The best modern thinkers generally agree that all franchises should be temporary and subject to modification by the power which grants them. Congress should amend the Spooner Bill by providing that no franchise of any description shall be granted for a period of over —— years. We would fill the blank with twenty-five; others might extend it to fifty. All that we insist upon is that the franchises be limited in time, so that, when a permanent government is organized, it shall not find itself hopelessly entangled by legislation which no temporary government ought to have the power to enact. The Filipinos have a right to their own natural wealth if they will develop it. They have a right, therefore, to the time necessary to make the trial.

III. The third need of the Filipinos is some adjustment of the friar-land problem. The Commission have evidently done some hard work on this subject, for they report, what has heretofore not been known, the amount of land owned by the friars. It is approximately 403,000 acres. The friars are afraid of American sovereignty lest they should lose their lands. The people hate the friars and are afraid of American sovereignty lest the friars shall be confirmed in their holdings and permanently settled upon them. The solution proposed by the Commission appears to us admirable; it is just, it is wise ecomomically, and it promises to satisfy both parties to this long quarrel. It is identical in substance with the plan originally proposed by President Schurman, and, so far as we know, first reported and indorsed in these columns. It is, in brief: Purchase, by agreement where possible, by condemnation proceedings when necessary, these lands from the friars and resell them at public sale. If the purchase is made at once, the expense will not be great; if the sales are made after order is established and civilization has begun to make its effects felt, the returns will be large. The just claims of the friars will be met; the just fears of the people will be tranquilized; and the government will lose nothing and may even gain something for the revenues of the island by the transaction.

Congress has no right to take any vacation until it has acted on the recommendations of the Philippine Commission. It has no more immediate, no more important, duty than this, and none so sacred. It ought at once to secure to the Filipinos the civil and religious rights enjoyed by a free people under a civil government. It ought at once to make possible the organization of industry, under such guards as will prevent the wealth of the islands from falling permanently into the hands of foreigners before the Filipinos have time to organize for the purpose of developing

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that wealth themselves. And it ought to adopt, or, by empowering the President, make possible the adoption of, the only just and sensible plan which has been proposed for the adjustment of the long-standing feud between the friars and the people, a feud which is economic even more than it is religious. There ought to be such a unanimous expression of public sentiment on this subject by the people and the press of all parties as will secure instant attention and immediate action from Congress on these just and reasonable demands of the Filipinos so effectively formulated for them by the Philippine Commission.

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A Non-Partisan Board in Danger

Ever since the publication of Governor Odell's well-received message to the New York Legislature, public criticism has more and more concentrated itself upon the recommendations that a single salaried officer should perform the work now in the hands of the State Board of Charities, and another salaried officer the work of the Prison Commission. Last week the opposition to the first of these proposals showed its remarkable strength at a meeting held in the United Charities Building, which was attended by representatives of every important charitable organization in this city—Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, and non-sectarian. At this meeting the sentiment was unanimous that a single Commissioner of Charities—even with the proposed co-operation of two elective State officers—could not do the work of the present board of twelve satisfactorily or even economically, for these reasons:

First, the members of the present State Board serve for eight years, and, if their work is satisfactory, they are then reappointed. There is possible, therefore, a period of long service on the part of the members of the Board, who, because of this fact, sooner or later become experts in the various departments of the work to which they are assigned. The Governor suggests that, in place of this method, a new Commissioner shall be appointed every two years. Such a Commissioner would hardly have time enough to become acquainted with the responsibilities of his position before he might have to give place to his successor.

Second, it would appear to be positively impossible for a single Commissioner to give the proper oversight to the various charities for the dependent poor which such institutions demand. The present Board, by dividing its work into sub-committees of three each, has been able to do for these institutions, and for the people there sheltered, what ought to be done. It does not seem possible that a single Commissioner, however wise, can comprise in himself all the capacities that may be claimed for the members of the present Board.

Third, the present Board is, in the best sense of the word, non-political. It works, not for the good of either party, but for the best interests of the dependent poor. The Governor's suggestion is bound to change all this, inasmuch as his single Commissioner will, because of the very great powers then vested in him, be certain to be a creature of the organization.

And, finally, there is the significant protest which has now been made, not only by the most prominent Protestant clergy of New York, but also by the highest representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, and by the men and women of every faith who have been the leaders in philanthropic work. Such a protest is a witness to the fact that under the present Board and the present system the charities of the State have been administered fairly, and in such a way that neither Protestant nor Catholic nor Hebrew could claim that the interests of his particular following had been discriminated against. A single Commissioner will inevitably be a representative of some faith whose dependent poor are more or less subject to State charity and State aid. Any action, therefore, which he may take will certainly be denounced as having about it some religious bias; and for this reason, if for no other, the suggested change should not be made.

All of these reasons, it may be said, relate to efficiency rather than economy; but inasmuch as the aggregate compensation of the twelve members of the present Board has been less than three thousand dollars a year, the substitution of a single salaried Commissioner is not defensible even on the score of economy.

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The Report of the Philippine Commission

[The full report of the Philippine Commission, presented to Congress by the Secretary of War last week, is the most important public document relating to the policy of the United States in the Far East put forth since the Treaty of Paris. To summarize within moderate limits a sixty-thousand-word document of this character is not an easy task, but we may be allowed to say that the labor has been here done with careful regard to proportion and relative interest by a special representative of The Outlook in Washington, a man who has made an unusually thorough study of the Philippine question in all its bearings.—THE EDITORS.]

THE first detailed report of the Taft Philippine Commission, bearing date of November 30, 1900, which was sent to the Senate by the President on Friday last, is regarded at the War Department, and will probably be regarded by the press and the people of the country, as the most valuable contribution yet made to our knowledge of the problems, conditions, and needs of the Philippine Islands. It makes a bulky document of about sixty thousand words, and is divided into forty-five parts or sections, each of which deals with a particular question, subject, difficulty, or recommendation.

MILITARY AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS

The shortest, and perhaps the least satisfactory, of the forty-five sections into which the Report has been divided is that entitled "Military and Political Conditions," in which the Commission briefly reviews the operations of the insurgents since August, 1900, and the progress made in the work of pacification in various parts of the archipelago. Owing, the Commission says, to the activity of Tinio, and other Tagalog leaders, in the province of Ilocos Sur (Island of Luzon) in the months of September and October, "there was produced an impression of great disturbance, which considerably affected business between Manila and the country. Two unfortunate reverses of the United States troops, one near Siniloan and the other in Marinduque, served to render the insurgent leaders more defiant and boastful, and possibly to postpone the collapse of the insurrection, predicted in our despatch" (of August 21, 1900) "as likely to occur within sixty days after the election, for a somewhat longer period." The Commission, however, is satisfied "that a great majority of the people long for peace, and are entirely willing to accept the establishment of a government under the supremacy of the United States. They are, however, restrained by fear from taking any action to assist in the suppression of the insurrection, which has for its indispensable support a conspiracy of murder. Without this, armed resistance to the United States authority would have long ago ceased. Any one suspected of giving information to the Americans concerning the insurgents is immediately marked for assassination. The ramifications of the conspiracy are so wide that it has effected the terrorism of a whole people. It is a Mafia on a very large scale."

NATIVE AUXILIARIES

The question whether native troops and a native constabulary may not be used to advantage in the suppression of guerrilla warfare is discussed at length, and the conclusion is reached that the time is ripe for these organizations. "We therefore earnestly urge," the Commissioners say, "the organization of ten regiments of native infantry and cavalry, to be commanded by American field officers and company captains, with Filipino lieutenants." The cost of such a regiment would not exceed $350,000 per annum in gold, which is very much less than the cost of a similar regiment composed wholly of Americans. A native police force, with American officers, is also recommended as the best means of suppressing guerrilla warfare and maintaining order in the rural districts. The great difficulty with which we have to contend at present is a system of "desultory attacks, made by men who are one day non-combatants and the next guerrillas. A double rôle of this kind is possible with our soldiers, who find it difficult to distinguish one Filipino from another, and who have no means of acquiring an intimate knowledge of their movements; but the native police would experience no such difficulty."

THE CIVIL SERVICE

The report discusses at length the organization of a civil service for the

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islands, on the basis of merit, and concludes that the difficulties to be overcome in the creation of such a service are formidable, but by no means insuperable. These difficulties may be met, first, by banishing all favoritism and political considerations from the selection of civil servants; and, second, by paying adequate salaries and allowing liberal leaves of absence for the preservation of health. "It is essential," the Commission says, "that the system be administered with the utmost rigidity and impartiality, because in no part of the world does rumor of injustice, of fraud, and of underhand methods in the administration of public office receive so much credit as in the Orient." The Commission has passed a law which, it believes, goes further than any civil service law of any State, or of the United States, in carrying out the theory of the merit system. "We are directed in our instructions to prefer the Filipino for office when other qualifications are equal, and we have, by the act, imposed this as a mandate upon the appointing power. The difficulties in selection, presented by the education and tendency of the Filipino, will gradually grow less and less as the service grows older, and as the Filipino learns a different official standard of integrity and sees upon what promotion in the civil service depends."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

Upon the subject of municipal government the Commission reports that "two hundred and fifty pueblos [*i.e.*, communities] have been organized under the comparatively simple government provided by General Order No. 43, and fifty-five under the much more complicated form provided by General Order No. 40." Both of these forms were devised by the military authorities, but neither of them is wholly satisfactory, and the Commission has drafted a new law which will shortly be adopted and put into effect. "In view of the disturbed conditions which still prevail in some parts of the archipelago, the Military Governor should be given a certain degree of control over the government of the municipalities in all provinces where civil political government has not been established by the Commission. There are at the present time, however, a considerable number of provinces which are ready for a provincial civil government; and as soon as civil government is established in any province, power to remove officials for inefficiency or disloyalty, and to fill the vacancies thus made, is vested in the civil authorities." The new law of municipal organization, which has been prepared but not yet enacted, will give the right of suffrage to all persons, twenty-three or more years of age, who have held municipal office under Spanish sovereignty, or who annually pay thirty pesos or more of the established taxes, or who can speak, read, and write English or Spanish, or who own real property to the value of five hundred pesos.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN MANILA

A good deal of space in the Commission's report is devoted to the Manila liquor traffic, and the fullest obtainable information is furnished with regard to the sale of intoxicants in the city, both before and after the American occupation. Under Spanish rule there were in Manila only fourteen "cantinas" or saloons of the American type; but there were probably not less than four thousand shops where the so-called "native wines" were sold at retail. Up to January 4, 1900, under American rule, there was, strictly speaking, no liquor license law in the city. All licenses to sell liquor, of whatsoever class, were generally business licenses, the fee for which was only $3. On June 30, 1899, such business licenses had been issued to 214 saloons, and 200 of them were outstanding. On January 4, 1900, a general order was issued by the Military Governor canceling all saloon licenses previously granted, and providing for a new and better system. Under this order there were issued, between February 1 and June 30, 1900, 167 saloon licenses; but many of them were subsequently canceled, and on the 23d of November, 1900, there were outstanding only 108. Meanwhile the number of shops at which so-called "native wines" were sold had been reduced from approximately 4,000, at the time of American occupation, to 408. "It will be seen, therefore," the Commissioners say, "that there has been a steady and material reduction in the number of saloons, while the number of retail shops

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for the sale of 'native wines' has been reduced by approximately 3,600."

In a later report of the Commission (dated January 27, 1901) received by telegraph and embodied in Secretary Root's letter of transmittal, it is stated that the number of American saloons, including hotels and restaurants, has been reduced to eighty-eight, only forty-eight of which are licensed to sell spirituous liquors. The condition of the city, as regards drunkenness, is stated to be better than that of any American city of the same size. There is still considerable intoxication among our soldiers, but the natives do not frequent the American saloons or drink American liquors.

FINANCE AND TAXATION

Under the head of "Revenue and Expenditures" the Commission reports that "the revenues of the Islands have increased so remarkably under the military government that with the result of the election, and the assurance that it gives of the continuance of the present policy, it may reasonably be prophesied that the income for each month will exceed $2,000,000 Mexican. The Commission has made one large appropriation of $1,000,000 gold for the building of roads, and another of the same amount for Manila harbor improvements; and the Superintendent of Public Instruction has recommended an appropriation of $1,500,000 gold from the Insular Treasury for the establishment of schools. There is now on hand in the Treasury, not covered by appropriations, $2,500,000 gold, and if only ordinary appropriations are made this sum will increase, for the present, at the rate of not less than $300,000 per month." The Commission is of opinion that, "as a matter of policy, everything which comes from the Islands to the public civil funds should be expended for purely civil purposes. No money should be spent for purposes purely military or naval. In this view General MacArthur concurs."

In dealing with the question of taxation, it has been the object of the Commission (1) to do away with all taxes which, through irritating those from whom they were to be collected, or through the small amount of resulting revenue, were manifestly objectionable; (2) to abolish special taxes, such as the tax for lighting and cleaning the municipality and the repair of roads; (3) to remove the so-called industrial taxes, except where levied on industries requiring police supervision; and (4) to provide abundant funds for the legitimate needs of the townships by a system which shall adjust the burden of contribution with some reference to the resources of those called upon to bear it. To this end provision has been made for a moderate tax on land and improvements thereon. At the outset there will be more or less opposition to this tax from the rich, who have thus far escaped their full share of the burden of taxation; but the Commission believes that "this opposition will disappear as the people come to realize that the payment of taxes results in direct benefit to the communities in which they live, and to themselves personally."

THE FRIARS

The problem presented by the presence and the property of the Spanish friars in the Philippine Archipelago is considered at great length, and a most lucid and satisfactory explanation is given of the methods by which they acquired their political power, and of the reasons for the hostile attitude taken toward them by the people. Of the 1,124 Spanish friars who were in the islands in 1896, only 472 remain. The others were either killed or died, returned to Spain, or went to China or South America. The bishop and friars who appeared to plead their cause before the Commission declared that the mass of the people of the islands, except only a few of the leading men of each town and the native clergy, are friendly to them; but this statement, the Commission says, "cannot be accepted as accurate. All the evidence, derived from every source but the friars themselves, shows clearly that the feeling of hatred for the friars is well-nigh universal and permeates all classes." To some extent, perhaps, this feeling is due to the immorality, corruption, and personal unworthiness of the friars as individuals; but in the main it is the outcome of political conditions, and is due to the unquestionable fact that upon the friars rested the whole hated government of Spain, and that through them, almost exclusively, its oppressive

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power was exercised. The agricultural land owned by the three great monastic orders of St. Dominic, St. Augustine, and the Recolletos amounts in the aggregate to 403,713 acres, of which 121,000 acres are in the province of Cavite alone. In very few instances, it is believed, can their ownership be successfully attacked in the courts, for prescription has supplied any defect which there might have been in their original titles. Moreover, no adverse claimants to the agricultural lands held by them have thus far appeared. The Commission suggests that it would avoid some very troublesome disturbances if the Insular Government could buy these large estates of the friars, and sell them out in small holdings to the present tenants; but admits that such a large financial operation could not be conducted to a successful issue without the aid of the United States. The provincials of the monastic orders who appeared before the Commission were understood to intimate willingness to sell their agricultural holdings if a satisfactory price should be paid. The Commission does not suggest any method of preventing the return of the friars to their parishes upon the restoration of peace; but says that if they do return, "though only under the same police protection which the American Government is bound to extend to any other Spanish subjects in the islands, the people will regard it as the act of the Government. . . . It is likely to have the same effect upon them that the return of General Weyler, under an American commission, as Governor of Cuba, would have had upon the people of that island."

PUBLIC LANDS AND PUBLIC FRANCHISES

Upon the subject of public lands the Commission reports that under the rule of Spain there were no surveys of any importance whatever, and that the first thing to be done in establishing a public land system is to have the public lands accurately surveyed. This will be a work of years, but the Commission believes that a system of land laws may be adopted without waiting until the survey is completed. Many applications for the purchase of public lands have already been received, and large amounts of American capital are only awaiting the opportunity to invest in the rich agricultural field which may be developed. The Commission calls attention to the fact that the Military Government of the islands has no power to dispose of public lands belonging to the United States, and urges Congress to give the Insular Government authority to adopt a proper public land system and to sell the lands upon proper terms. "The restricted powers of a military government are also painfully apparent," the Commission says, "in respect to mining claims, and the organization of railway, banking, and other corporations, and the granting of franchises generally. It is necessary that there be some body or officer vested with legislative authority to pass laws which shall afford opportunity to capital to make investment here. This is the true and most lasting method of pacification. Now the only corporations here are of Spanish or English origin, and American capital finds itself completely obstructed. Such difficulties would all be removed by the passage of the Spooner Bill, now pending in both houses." With regard to private lands, the Commission reports that "a very large percentage of such lands are occupied and claimed by individuals without any record title whatever."

THE COURTS

Upon the subject of legal procedure and the reorganization of the courts the Commission reports that. the practical working of the existing code is to secure injustice instead of justice. Business men refuse to go into the courts with their controversies, because it is better to submit to the loss of their claims than to be robbed under the form of law. An entirely new code of procedure, civil and criminal, is thought to be indispensable, and such a code is in course of preparation and will probably be completed in January, 1901. In accordance with orders of General Otis, or acts passed by the Commission, there have been established a Supreme Court for the Islands, and courts of first instance in the provinces of Manila, Pangasinan, Cagayan, Cavite, Iloilo, Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, Ilocos Norte, Bataan, Cebu, La Union, and Benguet. The judges in all of these courts, except the Supreme Court, are Filipinos. In the Supreme Court the minority have been and are Americans.

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These courts are all performing their functions at the present time; but charges of corruption and incompetence against the present Filipino judges are common, and the evidence is very strong that they are well founded. The number of Filipinos who are fitted by nature and moral stability to fill such positions is very small.

EDUCATION

In the matter of public education the Commission is not able to report great progress, but an effort is being made to provide a system of public instruction adapted to the conditions existing in the different islands. The English language is desired by the natives as a basis of instruction, but it must be introduced gradually. In some cases Spanish will have to be employed at first, but there seems to be no good reason why it should continue to be the basis of instruction. On September 3, 1900, upon the initiative of the Commission, a night-school for teaching English to adults was opened in Sampaloc School for three nights in the week, and it proved so successful that it has led to the establishment of two others. The total enrollment of these three schools is now over nineteen hundred, and twenty-five teachers are employed in giving instruction. In Manila, at the beginning of the next school year, a normal school, founded on the American plan, will be established and will be thrown open to students from the provinces as well as from the city.

SANITARY CONDITION

With regard to the important subject of the public health, the Commission reports as follows:

That health conditions are, on the whole, surprisingly good in the Philippines is conclusively demonstrated by a comparison of the sick reports of our troops while in camp in the United States with the reports for the time during which they have been engaged in active service in the Philippines. It is believed by this Commission that no tropical islands in the world enjoy a better climate than do these. While this is true, two classes of diseases have here to be reckoned with. These are, first, diseases common to temperate and tropical countries, and, second, diseases especially characteristic of the latter regions. Under the former head would fall smallpox, cholera, bubonic plague, and leprosy, and under the latter dysentery, malarial troubles, and beriberi. While many of the islands are extremely healthful, they vary widely in this particular, as do different localities on the same islands. It may confidently be anticipated that the establishment of a well-organized Department of Public Health will lead to a general improvement in sanitary conditions; but it will doubtless remain true that troops which are forced to campaign in the damp lowlands, or to garrison towns which have sprung up in situations where towns should never have been built, will suffer more or less severely from diseases of the second class to which reference is above made. It becomes a matter of great practical importance, therefore, to ascertain whether or not there exists, within the limits of the archipelago, any accessible region presenting suitable climatic and other conditions for the speedy recuperation of sufferers from wounds, tropical diseases, wasting illnesses of any sort, or from the injurious effects of long-continued residence in a hot climate.

Such a region, the Commission reports, is to be found in the province of Benguet in northern Luzon. There, at an average height of about five thousand feet above the sea, observers sent out by the Commission have discovered a wonderful region, peopled by a friendly, harmless tribe; with pure, cool, invigorating air and abundant water; free from tropical vegetation; affording pasturage in plenty, and suited to the production of many of the fruits, vegetables, and grains characteristic of the temperate zone. To make this region accessible as a health resort, particularly for sick and wounded soldiers, the Commission has caused a survey to be made for a railroad thereto from the nearest part of the existing railway system, and finds that such road can be built and equipped for about two million five hundred thousand dollars in gold. The Commission strongly urges that this road be constructed at once, simply on account of the value of the Benguet region as a sanitarium, and as an advisable site for the military and political capital of these islands.

After reviewing the whole military, political, and economic situation, the Commission expresses the belief that "from now on conditions will grow steadily better, and, however formidable the difficulties really are, the possibilities that present themselves of improving the condition of the people, in education, wealth, comfort, and in the knowledge of how to govern themselves, cannot but awaken the deepest enthusiasm on the part of every friend of civilization."

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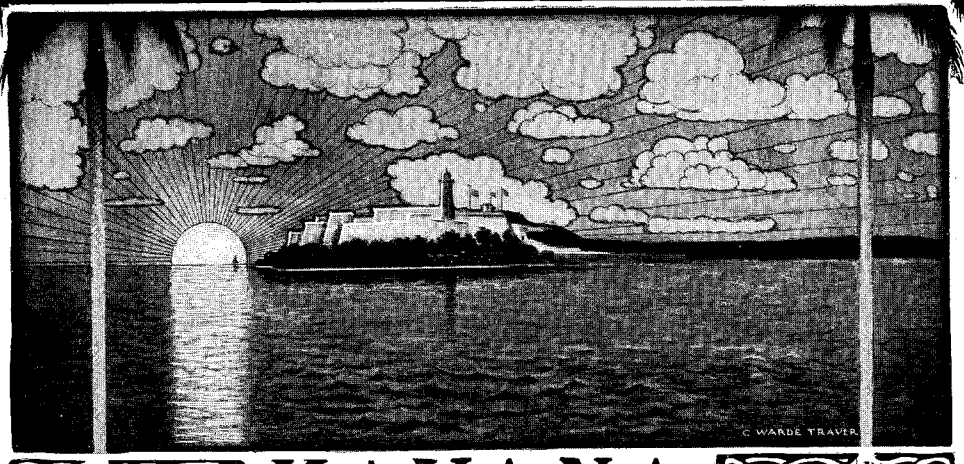
FOUR ISLAND CAPITALS



HAVANA

BY THOMAS R DAWLEY

This is the first of a series of four articles on the capitals of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. That on San Juan is written by Mrs. Guy V. Henry, widow of the first American Military Governor of Porto Rico; that on Hawaii by its Governor, the Hon. Sanford B. Dole; and that on Manila by Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, author of "The Philippine Islands and their People." Mr. Dawley, the author of the present article, was a newspaper correspondent in Cuba before the intervention of the United States took place, and his letters to "Harper's Weekly" and the New York "Evening Post" will be remembered by many of our readers as the best accounts of Cuban events published at that time. Mr. Dawley was with Garcia's Cuban army, has lived some time in Havana, and is peculiarly well fitted to picture the conditions of the city of Havana of to-day.—THE EDITORS.

UNTIL about the middle of the past century, Cuba was one of the possessions to which the mother country gave her least attention. Sparsely inhabited, little known, her numerous harbors the resort of pirates and buccaneers, the island was looked upon as scarcely more than a penal colony. But Havana was long looked upon as holding the key to the New World. Founded in 1519 and destroyed twenty years later by a French corsair, the city rose from its own ashes to become one of the richest cities of the world, and at the same time one of the most profligate. It was not till its investment and capture by the English in 1762, and its subsequent restoration a year later by the Treaty of Versailles, that the Madrid Government began to realize its great importance. Then we find that one of Spain's first grandees, the Count of Ricla, was appointed to reoccupy the city, upon the evacuation of the English, as supreme Governor of the island, with Field-Marshal Alexander O'Reilly Inspector-General. Arriving in the harbor on the 1st of July, 1763, with four ships of war and several transports loaded with troops, arms, and munitions, they disembarked at Regla till the day set for their entrance into Havana.

"The sun rose upon the city," says the Spanish historian, "on the morning of the 6th, gayly bedecked with colored streamers, and the streets were filled with people hurrying upon the way from Regla to welcome the representative of their king, impatient for the moment to arrive when from the ruined bastions they would wave once again Spain's proud flag."

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The Count entered the city accompanied by General O'Reilly, followed by his staff and all his troops, mid the salvos of cannon and acclamations of the people. Though the Spaniards confess that the English did their best to win their sympathy, allowing them their own civil government, retaining in office their own judges and municipal officers to administer their own laws, and characterized their entire military occupation with humanity and prudence, it was all in vain. The people welcomed back Spanish rule, and, though expressing gratitude towards their English conquerors for their wise and humane administration, they looked upon their departure with joy as they folded up their banners and sailed away the very day that the Count of Ricla entered the city; and the days following were given over to general rejoicing, illuminations, balls, and feasts.

The Count of Ricla began his administration with ample faculties and an energetic hand. Additional troops were brought from the Spanish Main, workmen from Spain, and the treasury of Mexico drawn upon for funds. The ruined walls of the city were repaired, new fortifications and castles built, and, with an expenditure of $108,000,000 taken from Mexico alone, Havana was made as impregnable as Gibraltar. The portholes of the castle upon the rock, El Morro, frowned over the narrow entrance to the harbor and guns bristled beneath to the right and to the left, and the strong battery of La Punta answered to them on the opposite point. La Cabañas, three-quarters of a mile long, crowned the heights opposite the city, with cannon at its embrasures to rake in every possible direction. This citadel was a populous town in itself, having accommodations for from 15,000 to 30,000 men in which to eat, drink, sleep, and fight. It is said to have cost forty million dollars, and when King Charles III. looked over the accounts he asked if the walls were of silver.

The city of Havana, piles of mortar and stone, with streets so narrow as to be scarcely more than lanes, was inclosed with massive walls with their battlements, bastions, and turrets. On the land side a broad ditch a hundred feet wide, capable of being flooded at any time, protected the high wall. The old Castle of the Royal Force, built by command of Hernando de Soto in 1538, mounted guns on the water front, and a sea wall with projecting turrets for the sentries ran along the edge of the bay. Atarés, with its deep casemates and broad terrepleins crowning the height of the little round hill back of the bay, mounted other guns raking seaward and landward; and excavated in another hill to the south were built the walls of El Principe, with its deep moats and ravelins and secret mines. No wonder the visitor, gazing upon all these fortifications bristling with cannon in the old days, exclaimed, "Havana is the heart of Cuba, and must never be given up!"

The millions spent in the construction of these fortifications naturally found their way into the pockets of those who worked. A new impulse was given to the commerce created by the ships stopping on their way between Spain and Mexico when Charles III. decreed permission to ships of all nations to enter the harbor for purposes of trade. There followed an act permitting the introduction of slave labor, and attention was turned to the country. To encourage the cultivation of its virgin lands grants were enacted, and all taxes upon the produce of coffee, indigo, and cotton, for a term of ten years beginning with the first crop, were abrogated. A board of trade was established by popular subscription, to advance by every means possible agricultural and commercial interests, and the population of the island, which was only 171,620 inhabitants in 1774, doubled in ten years. Every facility was eventually given to the introduction of foreign capital. Foreign planters and foreign merchants were encouraged to invest. The laws in this respect were extremely liberal, and the practice of the government became still more so. He who could not buy could take up land on trust, and while reducing the forest to a fruitful field was not even charged with the rent. Even creditors were not allowed to cramp the operations of the agriculturist, or to eject him from his possessions by any sudden or distressing movement.

Thus Havana, rehabilitated with the treasure from old Mexico, in turn made Cuba one of the richest possessions of the world; and the riches of Cuba, rebounding

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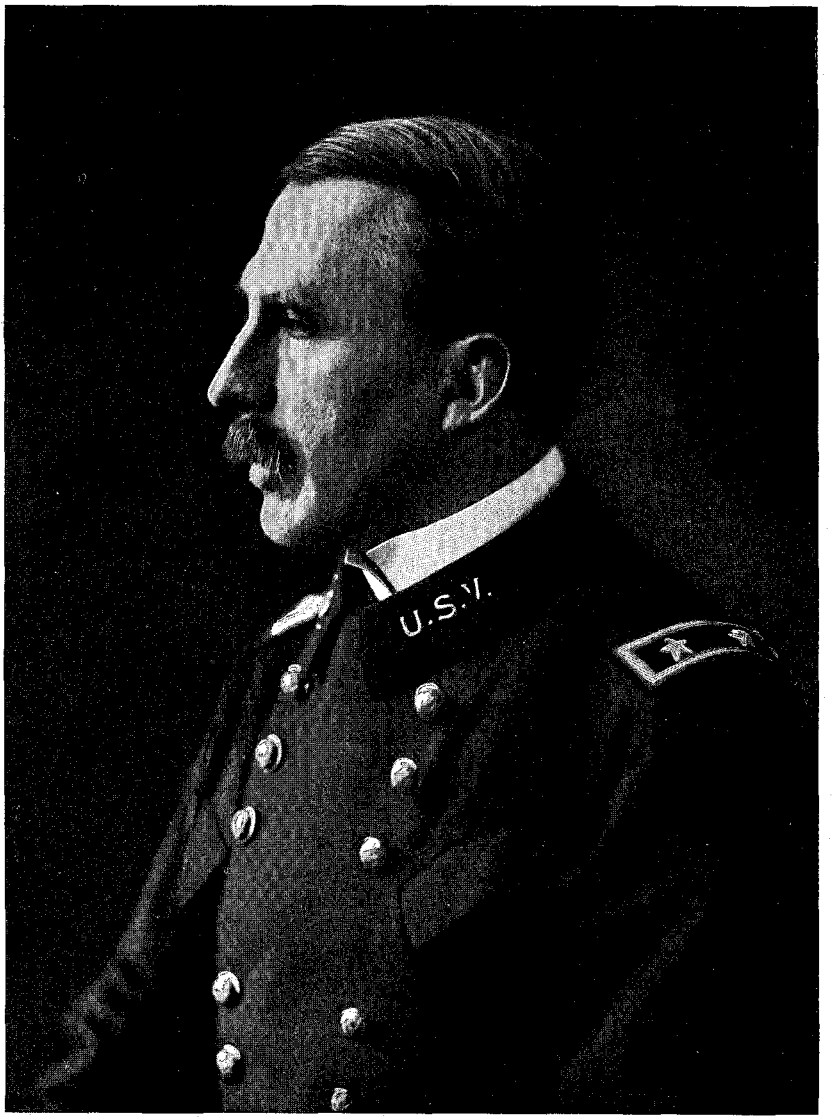

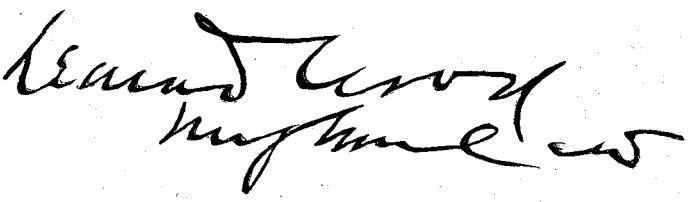

The Governor-General of Cuba, from his latest photograph

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upon the walled city, spread without the walls, and Havana, within its walls and without, became one of the richest, most populous, and most important spots on the face of the earth. A lady dying in 1828 left half a million dollars to each of her numerous children, and a territory of nearly a hundred haciendas to be portioned among them. A dozen multi-millionaires could be counted in the city with vast estates and with palaces fit for princes.

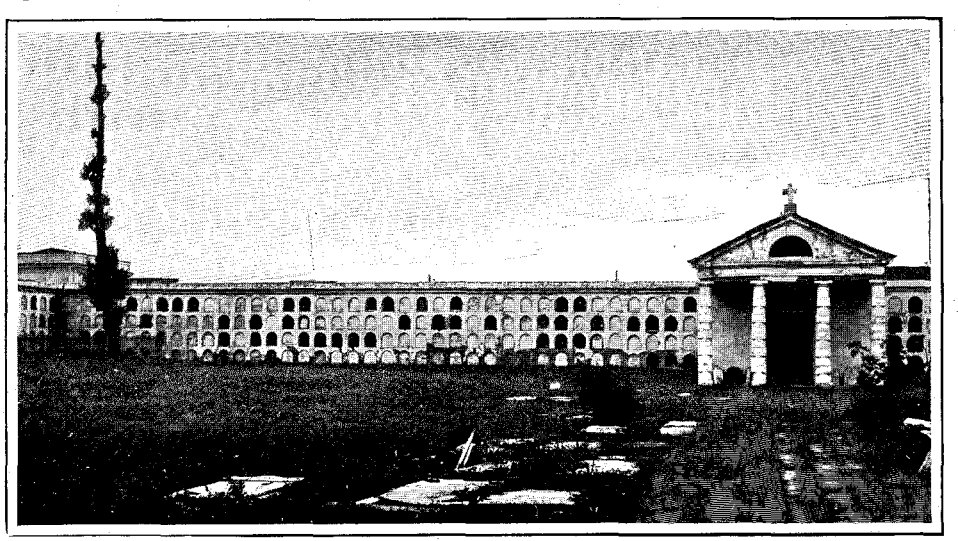
Courtesy of the Plant System

A HAVANA GIRL

"Even our beggars rolled in plenty," said an aged Spaniard to me, the tears dropping down his cheeks as the last of Spain's army left the city in December, 1898. "There was no hunger or thirst in the land then. The meanest slave had abundance, and was as free and happy as the landholder is to-day."

But as Havana was rich, so was it profligate. Spanish administration could not cope with the crime. Assassination was common in the streets by day as by night. There was no protection to life or limb or property, except one's own right arm. A case in the courts was an affair apt to last as long as the litigants had fuel to spend on the flames, and the deepest purse decided it in the end. To witness a crime was next to committing it one's self, for the code of procedure subjected to arrest and confinement every person who witnessed it. Organized bands existed for purpose of murder, and a price was agreed upon for the removal of an enemy as for a piece of beef. Collectors for mercantile houses must be attended by armed escorts in making their collections, and houses were necessarily built like citadels, and only behind their thick walls and iron bars was life safe.

General Tacon, upon assuming command in 1834, in a report to his government, stated that no less than twelve



Courtesy of the Plant System

THE OLD GRAVEYARD AT HAVANA

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THE CATHEDRAL OF COLUMBUS

thousand persons without occupation or property depended for a living on gambling-houses, vagrants were innumerable, and murders were almost all committed by hired assassins who did not know their victims except by having them pointed out. After the evacuation, I myself conversed with the celebrated Valentine, the headsman, one of the old-time negro assassins. He had been convicted of killing a Chinaman years before, and, volunteering to become king's executioner, his sentence was suspended. It was midnight within the glamour of the tomblike Vivac. Martinez, the Chief, brought the negro before me and asked him to relate the history of his crime, which he did with the utmost *sangfroid*. He went back to those days when an assassin could be found almost anywhere to commit such a deed, and his price was according to the length of his patron's purse. He said he killed the Chinaman for a rich American living in Matanzas with whom the Chinaman had deposited his money for safe keeping. As Valentine related all the details of his shocking crime, there in the vaultlike chamber of that prison, with its iron barred doors and windows, the scene took me back to mediæval times, especially when Martinez asked him to recapitulate the number of people he had executed. He said he had garroted forty-six. "But it was not I who took their lives. It was the king! I was simply the instrument."

Havana of to-day is no longer what it was when a thousand sail rode at anchor in its bristling harbor, bringing the riches from every known port of the commercial world, to sail away freighted with Cuba's bountiful product of coffee, sugar, molasses, tobacco, mahogany, dye-woods, wax, honey, fruits, and hides. To-day its only exports are sugar, tobacco, and a few pineapples. Its castles are dismantled, its citadel vacant, and only a fragment of the high wall, with its ample terreplein, ten bastions, and many turrets inclosing the old city like the outer rim of a fan, remains. The moat, a hundred feet wide, which protected it, with its drawbridge, portcullis, and flood-gates, has all disappeared, and is so completely obliterated that the stranger is unable to tell where the old city left off and the new one began. The Castle of the Royal Force, with its mysterious dungeons, and tower from

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which the curfew bell signaled the hour to rest or summoned the people in times of danger, remains so completely hidden by the buildings which have risen around it that one may pass it many times without ever dreaming of its existence. The Alameda along the water front, once the scene of a brilliant concourse on any evening promenading beneath its many lamps to the charms of music, is now a deserted avenue, scarcely noticed by anybody but some lone sailor or bumboatman. The Passeo of Charles III., with walks for pedestrians and wide driveways for carriages, and stone seats and statuary and fountains, which on holidays was a scene of gayety, with five bands of music playing exquisitely, and mounted

Courtesy of the Plant System

A FAMILIAR HAVANA STREET SCENE

soldiers with bright plumes, and roliing carriages with silver-studded harnesses and prancing horses (no hired carriage being allowed to pass), is now a dusty driveway. Its stone statuary and benches and the pavement are all broken and in part ground to intolerable dust, which, clinging to the gaunt trees, makes them look as though they thirsted for those good old times when the luxuriously appointed equipages rolled beneath their umbrageous shade.

The visitor of to-day to Havana is seldom aware of this opulent past. Sailing in from the sea, a magnificent spectacle spreads itself before him. The mottled gray of El Morro on one side, the pink citadel walls beyond, the orange-hued, disordered pile of painted brick and stone opposite, with the slate-colored water between, all combine to make a scene worthy the brush of a Turner. And Havana looks like a city with a thriving trade. There are vessels in its bay, and barges loaded with merchandise going to and fro between them. From the moment one steps on the landing he is bewildered by the narrow, crowded aspect of everything before him. Perhaps the uniform of an American marine or a soldier may forcibly strike him that, after all, the city is American till such time as we choose to fold up our banners and sail away, as did our English and colonial ancestors a hundred and thirty-seven years ago. They say history repeats itself.

A dash in a dilapidated carriage over the rough stones of the narrow streets, usually drawn by a hobble-go-lame horse, for which a charge of only twenty-five cents is made, brings one to the Central Park, from each end of which extends the celebrated Prado, and around which centers the festive life of the city. Electric lights make the place very bright at night, and throngs of people assemble in the park and along the walks to enjoy the cool evening air, and the cafés lining either side are usually filled with people discussing their affairs over their cups till long into the night. The color of Spanish times is lacking. Our officers are there, but they are without clanking swords or jingling spurs, and their uniforms are dark and somber. Even the Cuban girls have changed. They wear American hats, but the Cuban at your side assures you that they are not half so pretty as they used to be in their pluffed hair and Spanish mantillas.

During the day these cafés, the Park and the Prado, present an air of idleness, holidays excepted. The people mostly remain within doors. Our street-cleaning department brings a few out. Down at the custom-house there is of course activity, but even with this our American merchant finds fault. He declares things move just the same as they did in Christopher Columbus's time. The chicken

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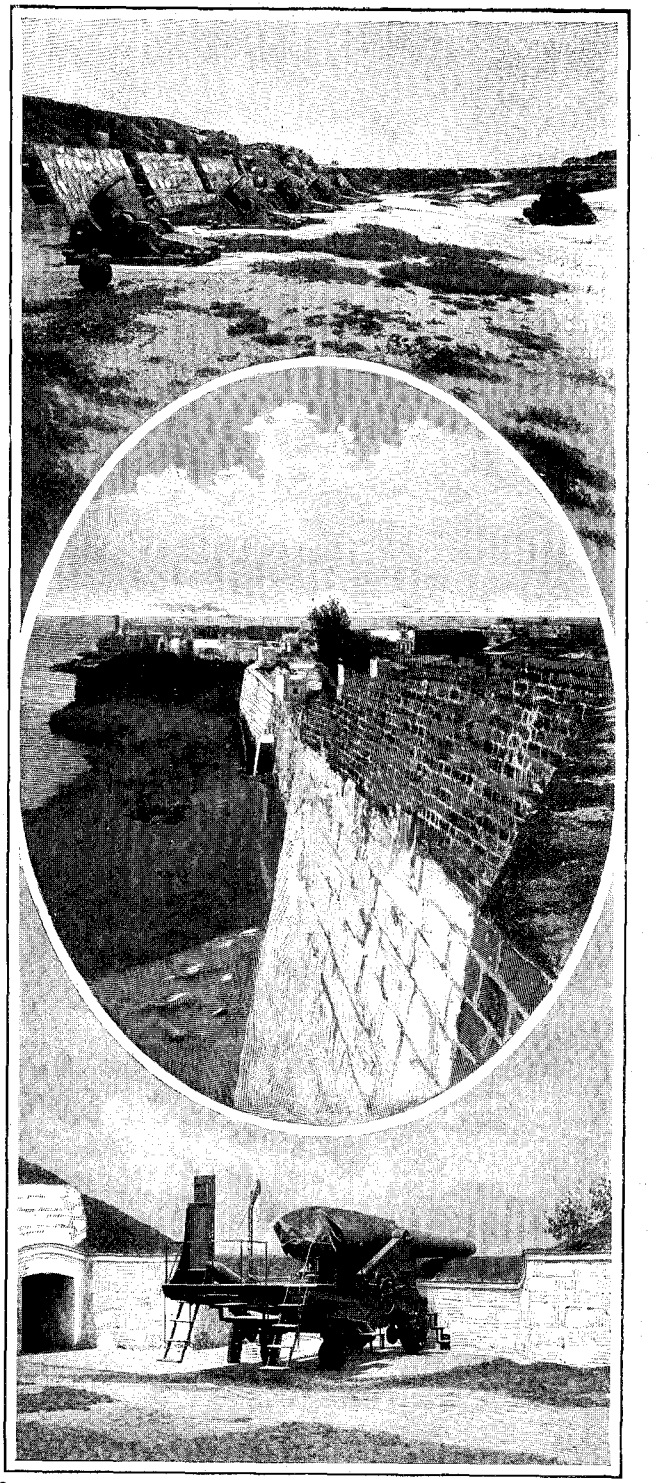
man who has arrived with a cargo of chickens and eggs says they leave his chickens to swelter in the hot sun and die before he can get the necessary papers signed for their removal, and they unload stoves and iron things on top of his eggs.

Picturesque Spaniards, in their blue or red Basque caps, their white undershirts and white trousers girdled about their waists, work. With heavy carts and little mules in great harnesses studded with brass and bedecked with colors, they convey most extraordinary loads. And frequently, when one of these Spanish cartmen wishes to turn a corner, he hurls himself with such force against the shafts that little mule, big cart, and heavy load are all turned in the direction he wishes to go. Shortly after "evacuation" the municipality passed an ordinance prohibiting these picturesque workmen going about with their undershirts uncovered. The law did not seem to apply to ragged beggars. The next day the humor of the thing was emphasized by a report in one of the local papers that a number of the cartmen had appeared driving their carts dressed in frock coats and silk hats, and were consequently arrested for disrespect to the city officials, whom it appeared they were burlesquing. Others, it was said, took their undershirts off and covered them up by stowing them away in their pockets, while I believe one contractor got a special permit to allow his laborers to work without covering up theirs.

Havana has been called a city of palaces, but one scarcely realizes that it is so



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THE HAVANA BATTERIES

Mortar Batteries. View from Cabañas. Santa Maria Battery.

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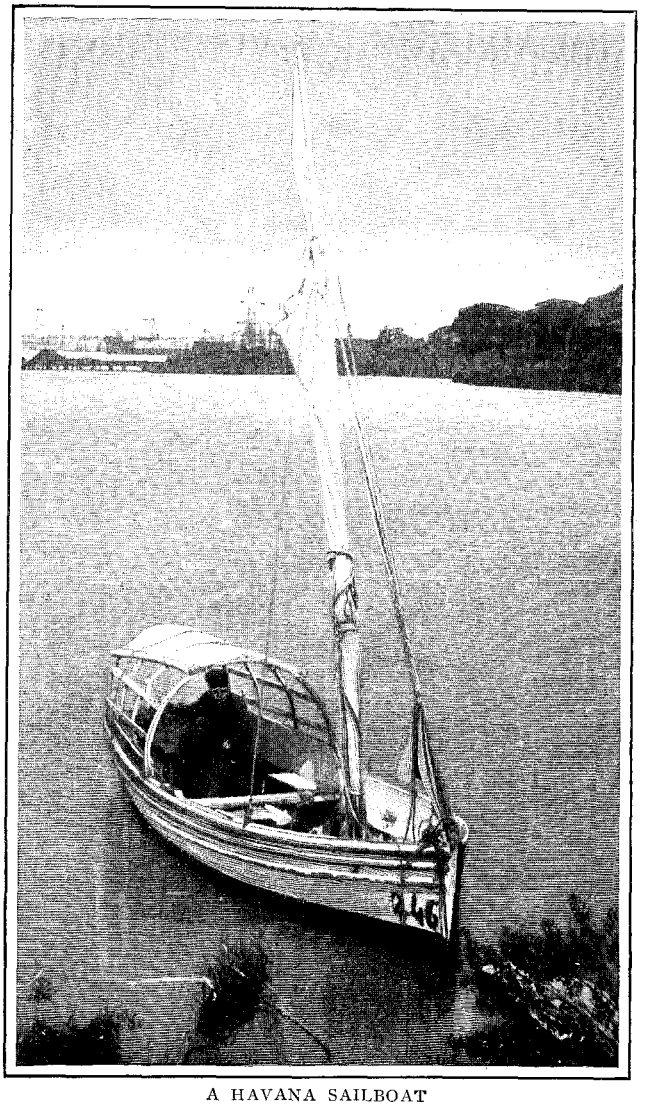
as he gazes into many dingy shops, wanders through narrow and ill-smelling lanes, or gazes up at the dead walls of churches and monasteries, or at mottled towers. There are streets and plazas and colonnades, but the buildings almost all have more of a prison aspect than that of a palace. But "the Spaniards built as they built in Castile" when they feared the invasion of the Saracens, and rendered each household in truth a castle. The palaces of the nobles in Havana, the convents and churches, still stand, but a clever guide is necessary to point them out to you and explain which is which, built in such a year, at such a cost. Only the beautifully wrought workmanship of the iron grilles inclosing the windows may give one an idea of the palatial abode inclosed behind many of the stern, sober walls.

I remember seeing the sign "House to Let" on the door of one of these high-walled edifices shortly after the evacuation. A knock at the door summoned the owner, who courteously invited me in. And the beauty of all I saw presented a sad contrast to the former merchant prince, who was occupying one of the rooms where formerly negro servants and slaves attended his wants. But, with the same kind courtesy which had characterized him all his life, he showed me through the



A HAVANA SAILBOAT
For conveying passengers to and from steamers

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Courtesy of the Plant System

A GROUP OF HAVANA GIRLS

range of rooms surrounding a patio filled with exotic plants and flowers. There were high colonnades and delicate frescoings and marble floors and spacious vaults, all white and clean. It was as if I had suddenly been transported by some Aladdin's lamp from the dingy city to the interior of an Arabian palace. Steps ascended to the "azo teo," where there was a splendid view of old Morro, and ships sailing upon the sea were visible. The quarters for the servants were tenantless, the stables below were without horses, and the vaults without wine. The house was all the man had left of his once vast fortune and estates, and now he was looking for a tenant, that he might buy bread.

Froude, the English historian, called us wise in our generation. He said we looked at the island so temptingly near to us and reflected "that to introduce into an Anglo-Saxon republic so insoluble an element as a million Spanish Roman Catholics, alien in blood and creed, with half a million blacks to swell the dusky flood, which runs too full among" us already, "would be to invite an indigestion of serious consequence." Yet a later generation saw differently, and so we have desolate Cuba and palace-built Havana upon our hands until such time as the Cubans can assure us of their own capability of governing themselves. When shall that be? is the question of almost everybody who is interested in Cuba, and answered by almost everybody who knows but little about Cuba.

These million Spanish Roman Catholics and the half-million blacks are the disturbing element in the problem, though I doubt if the religion will ever have anything to do with it. The Cubans are Catholics in name only, and if left to themselves they would probably drive out and exile their priests as quickly as the so-called Liberals have done whenever in power throughout Mexico and Central and South America.

Enough has been said, perhaps, about the vices of the Cubans, and they have their virtues. No puritanical admonitions, such as "Spare the rod and spoil the

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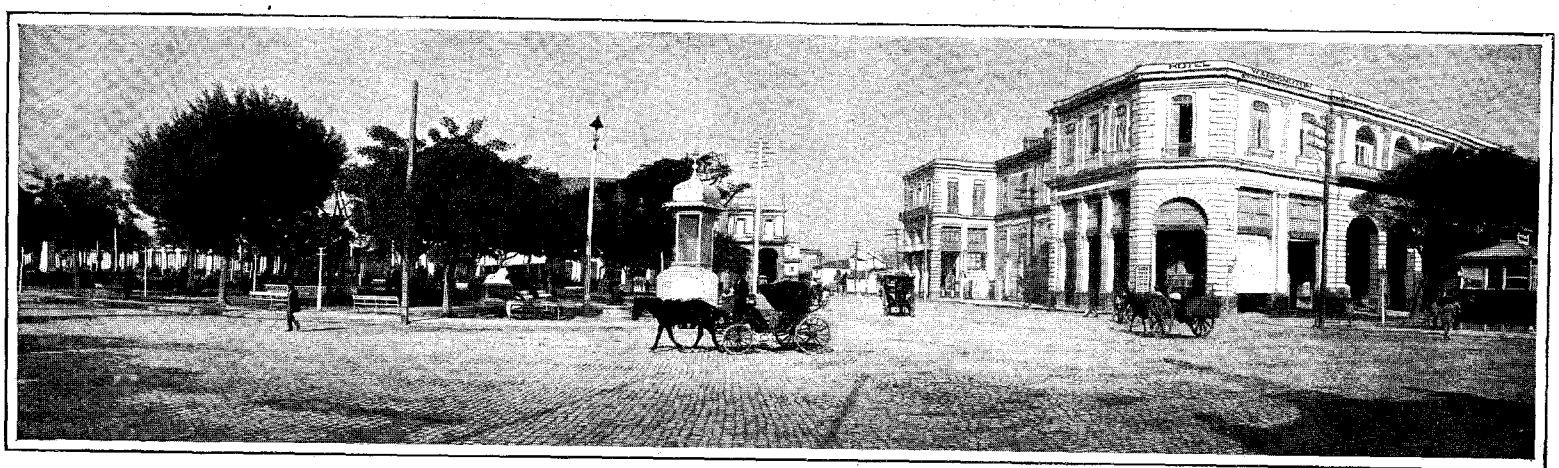
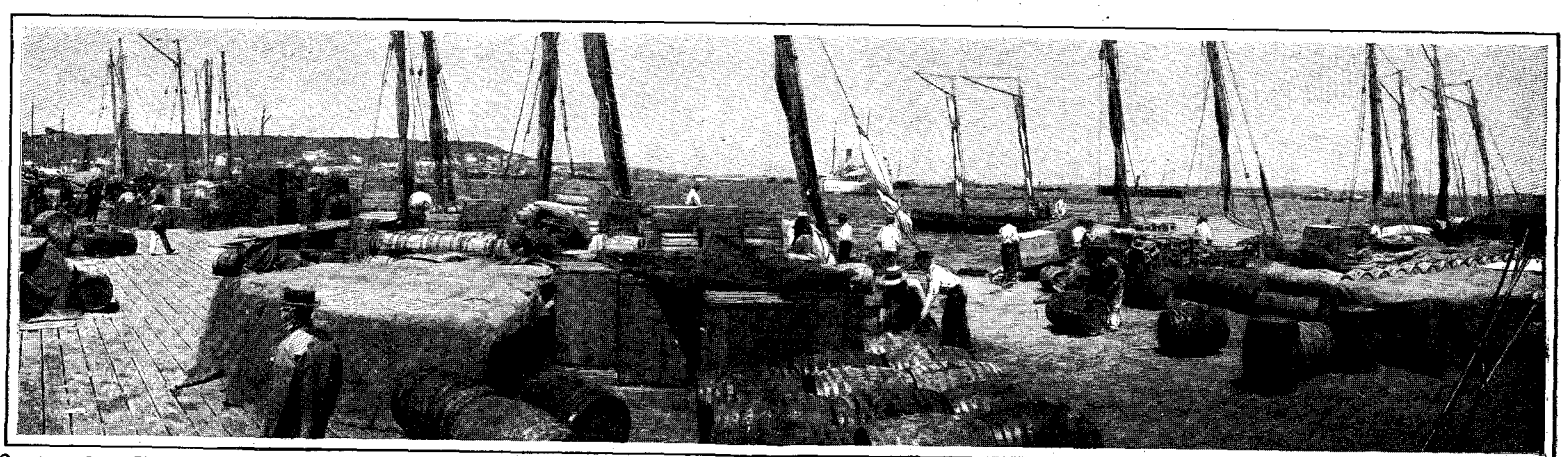


CENTRAL PARK AND PRADO, HAVANA



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THE DOCKS OF HAVANA

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child," have entered their households, nor was a Cuban father ever known to say to his child, "Till you are twenty-one you belong to me; after that you must shift for yourself." I remember hearing a coachman in Granada, not long ago, relating his family troubles to a sympathizing friend. His story was extremely funny to me, though not to himself. After his accustomed day's work he had gone home, and his father had attempted to chastise him for not bringing as much money as he thought he ought. "Now, you know, Pepe," said the coachman, "I would not raise my hand to my father, and he drinks a little, too, you know; so I ran away, Pepe; I went to Malaga till such time as the old gentleman could recover his good sense."

Courtesy of the Plant System

"FORWARD MARCH"

This tendency to preserve to a late period in life the sentiment of authority and duty among Spaniards has spread to the Cubans, and though the rule of taking the earnings home to the father, as in the case of the Granada coachman, is more frequently revered in Cuba, the tendency of settling their married children near them is carried out, and accounts for the large mansions in Havana, extensive and splendid enough to be truly denominated palaces. Three or four distinct establishments, or suites of apartments, are found under one roof, occupied by different members of the patriarchal household. This tendency may account also for so many other little houses being built upon the roofs of nearly all the massive old houses of the city proper. When the family got too large for the house, they went to the roof, and there built another house or suite of rooms. I have lived in a house a whole month without being aware that another family was living above me. And sometimes you find a whole yard full of chickens up there, and a goat or two thrown in. I once climbed to the roof of one of Havana's old houses, searching for an address, and found a populous village up there—chickens, children, dogs, mothers, wives, and husbands.

The hospitality of the Cubans is proverbial. They will never eat without inviting their visitors to eat with them, and I have seen the extra ones crowding around the table when there was not room enough, nor food enough, for them all; but plates were passed over heads, and all got a share. And they are as improvident as they are hospitable. I have been in the field during the war with Cubans two days without food, and on the third day seen them cook a mess of sweet potatoes and fairly gorge themselves with them, and, unable to eat them all, kick the remainder over in the dirt and leave them there, not knowing where they would get their next meal. This profligacy accounts for much of the poverty which they suffer to-day. The abstemiousness of the Spaniard is incomprehensible to the Cuban, and when he meets with real privation and hardship he dies. Nor does domestic economy enter into the household arrangements of the Cuban woman. Unless she belongs to the very poorest class, she must have some one to cook for her and nurse her children. To sew, and sew very nicely, is the extent of her accomplishments.

But to return from this digression. Havana, to be rich again, must turn its attention to the country. The country makes the town. Where there are now desolate fields, fifty years ago, yes, twenty

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years ago, there were productive plantations; and thus princely owners, from the produce of their slave labor, rolled in wealth. This can never be again, for slavery is out of the question; yet Havana must be sustained. It is still a princely city. Strangers complain of ill-smelling streets and foul sewers, to be sure, but on investigation I have found these smells more frequently to proceed from a cook's frying-pan of garlic and oil than from a sewer.

The pavement of Havana is bad. It could well be improved upon. But it has its breathing-places—little plazas and parks; but the wealth and gayety that frequented them are lacking. In the old days from ten to fifteen thousand mules laden with the produce of the country entered the city daily. Now our ships are carrying produce there to feed its people. With the exception of the Central Park, the little plazas, parks, and driveways are more or less neglected. To improve the sanitary arrangements and exterminate fever, our own Government has spent something like two millions of dollars, and some people think this has been a useless expenditure. Scarcely any of the money has been expended for permanent works. It has been for work done from day to day, over and over again, as the housekeeper with her broom. When we are gone, will the Cubans keep it up? And if the Cubans so desire to keep it up, from whence will they get their money?

At present cigar-making, holding public office, and publishing newspapers are Havana's only industries. This latter is not very profitable, as the writer can attest; and as for the public offices, they can remain profitable only as long as there is sufficient money in the treasury to sustain them, and this money must accrue from the producers who pay the taxes or revenues. Consequently the island of Cuba must be made to produce again. And it will produce. Those fields which are now desolate must be made to produce again. The immense estates which are now abandoned, while their owners are complaining that they have neither capital nor labor to work them, divided into small farms may be made to produce even a greater wealth than they ever did before.

Upon the evacuation of the Spaniards, hundreds of American fruit-growers from Florida and farmers from elsewhere came to Havana looking for land. There was land for sale, but it was in immense tracts held at immense prices. The Cuban owners refused to sell in small lots, and the American farmer went home in disgust. That land, still abandoned, is yet for sale, and I know of cases where the owners holding an estate at $500,000 are in want.

Havana, with all its princely palaces, its parks and driveways, is in poverty to-day. For a scapegoat upon which to lay the blame, one half its people turn to Spain, the other half to the United States. Like spoiled children that they are, the Cuban is never to blame. You ask him why he doesn't work his fields, he will tell you he has no oxen. You give him oxen, and then he finds that he has no plow. Give him a plow, and something else happens. Yet you pick up a Havana newspaper and you will find a number of advertisements for help. At the government offices you will find hundreds of applicants for official positions; on the plantations, few. On plantations not far from Havana five dollars a day in Spanish gold has recently been offered to tobacco-cutters, and even at these wages the supply of labor is wholly inadequate.

Havana has a cleaner administration than it ever witnessed before, and greater educational advantages. But to become again the rich city that it was formerly the agricultural interests must be fostered. If there is not sufficient labor to do the work, immigration must be encouraged. Laws must be enacted to discourage the pernicious holding of immense estates which pay no taxes as long as they produce no rent, and means established for encouraging the small farmers. Thus Havana may once again become a center of wealth, not profligate, but a city from which our ships may sail laden with Cuba's rich produce.

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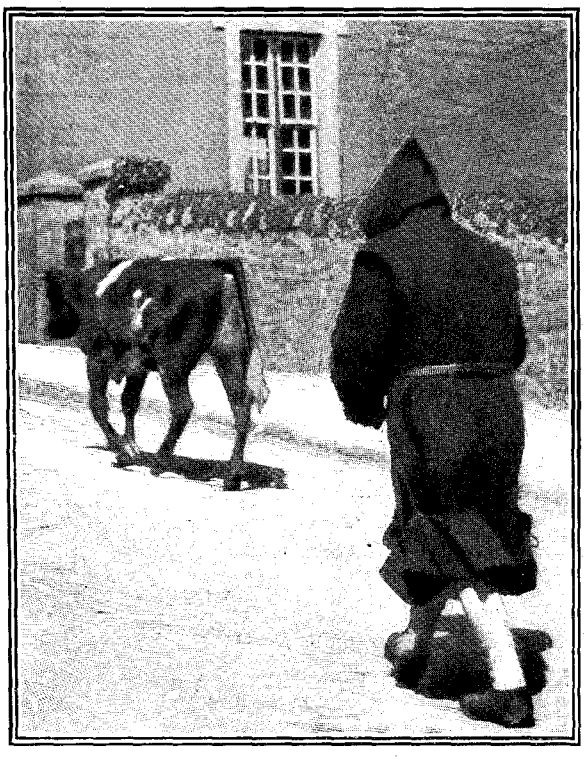
AN IRISH MONASTERY

By Clifton Johnson

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



COMING IN FROM THE FIELDS

ON one of the lower ridges of the Knockmealldown Mountains in southern Ireland, overlooking the valley of the Blackwater, dwells a mediæval community of Irish monks. They have separated themselves from the world with all its turmoil and jealousies and follies, and on the quiet of their lonely mountain-top they spend their allotted days in prayer and in peaceful pastoral employment, no longer laboring selfishly, but for the good of the whole brotherhood. I often heard of them in my Irish touring, and at length I decided to make a pilgrimage to their abode.

I reached Cappoquin, the railroad station nearest the monastery, in the middle of a warm May forenoon. Mount Melleray, the home of the monks, was three miles back among the hills, and I walked thither, at first following a foot-path across the fields, and then a narrow lane that was bordered much of the way by high banks and walls overgrown with furze full of yellow flower-clusters. Along the horizon, on ahead, loomed the blue, serrated ridge of the Knockmealldown Mountains. The monastery, on one of their lesser northern heights, consists of a good-sized group of substantial stone buildings with a slender-spired church in the midst.

The quiet of the hamlet when I entered it savored almost of desertion, and I, half fancying there was something uncanny about the place, was tempted to turn back. But the wide door of the main building stood open, and I went in. One of the monks—"the Brother Porter" was his official title—greeted me pleasantly, and was my guide in a leisurely ramble through the buildings, and my instructor as to the ways of the community. He was a gray, elderly man, in a coarse black, hooded gown. About his waist he wore a leather girdle, and on his feet white stockings and rude, low shoes. All the other monks were dressed in the same general style, except that certain of them wore white gowns with black scapulas. These white-garbed monks were the elders, or, as they were called among themselves, the "fathers," of the order.

The institution in its origin dates back to 1833, when a group of Irish monks was expelled for political reasons from the Cistercian monastery at Mount Melleray in France. They returned penniless to their native country, and a nobleman living in the valley of the Blackwater took pity on them and gave them a tract of wild land here among the hills. They at once set to work with their own hands to reclaim it. For many years the community was so poverty-stricken that it had a hard struggle

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for existence, but in time it grew prosperous and independent. The land as the monks found it was a barren heath full of stones. They laboriously dug out the stones, carted them off to be used on the roads or for building purposes, and made the land productive by subsoiling.

The task of reclaiming still goes on, and I saw one of the fields where the monks had been recently at work. They had brought the stones to the surface in such quantities that the earth was hidden by them, and the field looked like the dumping-place of refuse from a quarry. It seemed impossible that such a field could be of any use for agriculture. Certainly, if the monks place any value on their time, the labor involved must far exceed in cost the worth of the land when the process is completed. But I suppose they rejoice in difficulties to overcome, and the hardship brings heaven nearer.

About seventy members at present make up the Mount Melleray brotherhood. It is not often there are so few, but the monastery has been depopulated by a recent exodus to establish a new colony. Several branches own this for their parent community, including one in the United States at Dubuque, Iowa.

The Cistercians were a very powerful order during the Middle Ages, and in the thirteenth century they had nearly two thousand abbeys in the various countries of Europe. Among those in Britain were Tintern, Furness, and Melrose, familiar to tourists now as beautiful ruins. Prosperity proved fatal, for as the monks waxed rich they became indolent and deteriorated morally, and the result was that the order speedily decayed and waned until only remnants were left.

These Irish monks, with their stony land to subdue and with the memory of their earlier poverty and struggle for existence still fresh, seem to be trying to realize the order's original simplicity. The main tenets of the religion as exemplified by them are separation from the world, long-houred daily devotions, and strict habits of silence and humility. All personal wealth at the time of joining and all the products of the industry of individual members are turned into the community coffers. They work for the common good, and their thoughts dwell on things eternal, or are supposed to. They never speak save when it is absolutely necessary, and even then the ordinary members must do so by medium or by permission of one of the three superiors—the abbot, the prior, or the sub-prior. The only two members not bound by the rules of silence are the brother porter, who communicates with visitors, and the "procurator" or housekeeper, who is privileged to speak to any one when there is occasion. The usual method of communication is by signs, and words are employed only as a last resort. The monks pay no attention to visitors. The weakness of the flesh may result in a sidelong glance or two; but, in theory, the world is naught to them, and so long as you do not actually interfere they go their appointed ways unconcerned whatever you may do.

Most members join the order between the ages of twenty and forty. Candidates beyond twoscore seldom meet with favor, because it is believed that a man is by then too old and fixed in his habits and ideas to learn the ways of the brotherhood. They accept no one rashly or in haste. To begin with, the applicant stays for three days at the monastery as a guest. If satisfied with what he sees and learns in these three days, he becomes a "postulant" for three months, and his partial adoption is symbolized by a cloak which he wears over his ordinary worldly garments. After three months' experience, if he continues desirous of going on, he dons a special habit more monkly than he has worn hitherto, and for two years is a "novice," sharing much of the community life, but not yet taking part in all the exercises. At the end of that interval the man who still yearns for complete monkhood takes "simple vows," and enters on a final probationary period of three years. This completed, provided the monks are satisfied with the novitiate's character and are convinced of his sincerity, he may take solemn vows and enter on the full duties and joys of the order.

So far as possible, the monks supply their own bodily needs—raise their own food, erect their own buildings, and do their own farm work and housework, even to making bread and washing clothes. The last-named task is done by steam power, and is not as arduous an undertaking as it might be. The wash is hung out to dry on lines in a grassy area near

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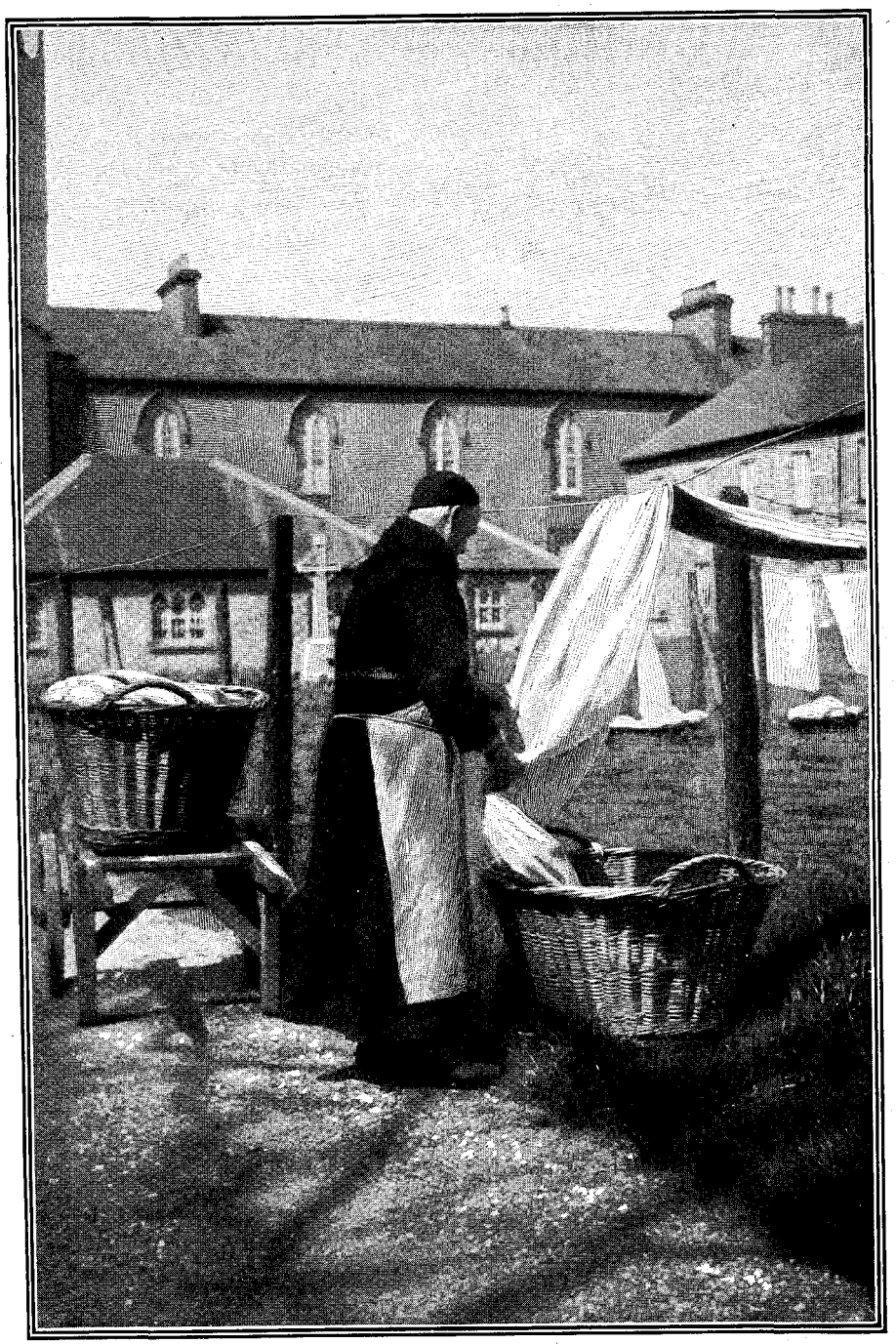

HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES

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the church. In one corner of this area is the monks' burying-ground, where are several high stone crosses commemorating deceased abbots, and numerous low iron crosses marking the resting-places of the humbler members of the brotherhood.

The monks make their own clothing and shoes, and they grow on their own sheep all the wool used in their garments. The only process consigned to outsiders in the transformation of the wool into clothing is the weaving. This is done in a neighboring mill, but the monks hope soon to run a loom on their own premises. Their greatest lack is skilled mechanics, and they are always glad to have such join their number.

They have a large garden where they raise vegetables and small fruits, and in the fields they grow potatoes, oats, turnips, and mangels; and they have a herd of cows, a flock of sheep, and a number of horses. They are not able to do all the work of the place unaided, and they keep constantly employed about forty laborers, whom they pay from nine to twelve shillings a week. Half a century ago wages in the region were only a sixpence a day, but conditions have much improved since, and the peasantry are decidedly better fed, better clothed, and better housed.

Practically everything raised is consumed on the place. For income they depend on chance sums donated to them, on summer lodgers, and on their school, which rarely numbers less than one hundred, and which stands in high repute among such of the Catholic gentry as desire an ecclesiastical education for their sons. Besides these aristocratic pupils the monks teach the ragged, barefooted children of the mountain, but this is for charity, not gain.

A considerable amount comes to the brotherhood from pious persons, residing both near and far, who send ten shillings or a pound when a relative dies, with the request that the holy men of the monastery may say high mass for the repose of the lost one's soul. Another source of income is reforming drunkards. The unfortunates are received into the monastery, and the salutary effect of the seclusion and the religious surroundings, together with the fact that their liquor is taken from them gradually, works a cure, at least for the time being.

Two large buildings are reserved for guests, one for men and one for women, and in the summer there are frequently lodgers in the boarding-houses, to the number of fifty or more. The few days or weeks spent at the monastery, with the accompanying confessions and sacraments, the quiet, and the simple, wholesome living, bring genuine spiritual refreshment to the devout Catholic, and many persons come year after year. There are Protestant visitors, too, but these usually are impelled by curiosity, though even among them are certain ones who have no other motive than the desire to retire from the world for a season. The monks make no charge for their services, and when guests go they pay for their board whatever they choose, be it little or much.

Two in the morning is the monks' time for rising, save on Sundays and holy days, when it is an hour earlier. As soon as they are up and dressed the monks file down from their dormitory to the church for matins. Religious exercises are held in the church at frequent intervals all day. Shortly after matins comes "lords," at sunrise "prime," at eight o'clock "thirdat," at eleven "sext," at two in the afternoon "none," at five "vespers," at eight "compren," and then they retire. Not all can attend this whole list of eight services, for the monks are workers as well as prayers, and other duties keep some of them away from the church much of the day; but every one is present at the first three and the last.

Following the religious exercises in the small hours of the morning the monks pray privately and read and meditate until "prime." After "prime" they listen to a chapter from the Bible and to an exhortation from the superior. At about seven o'clock they assemble for a "collation." It seemed to me they must by then have sharp appetites, after being up since one or two in the morning. The dining-room, like all the monks' apartments, is immaculately clean, and substantial in all its appointments, yet at the same time is severely plain. It is a high, pillared room, appropriately dim, with a crucifix on the wall at the far end. On one side a lofty pulpit, overhung by a sounding-board, rises well toward the ceiling, and around the borders of the apartment are lines of long, bare tables.

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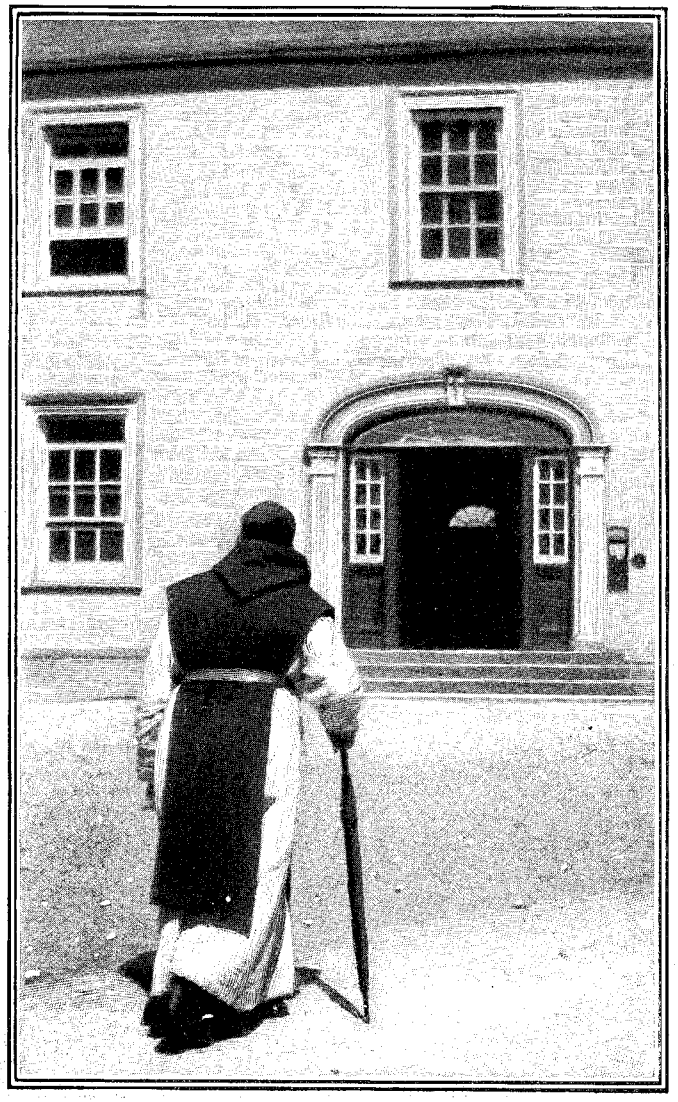
When the monks have taken their places in the "refectory" with the abbot superior at the head of the table, they in unison say grace. Then they sit down on the benches along the walls, and at a signal from the superior begin eating. The pulpit, during the silent meals of the day, is occupied by one of the monks, who reads to his brethren from Scripture or from some approved religious work—it may be from Cardinal Newman, the lives of the saints, or sermons. When the superior observes that all have finished eating, he signals again, and the gowned company rises, says grace, and leaves the room.

The morning collation consists of milk and six ounces of bread, brown or white as is preferred. Those who choose have butter with their bread, and instead of milk a few of the members substitute tea, cocoa, or even wine. The noon meal is the chief repast of the day. The allowance then is a pound of bread and a pint of milk, and there are potatoes and other vegetables, and frequently soup or macaroni. Indeed, except that the monks eat no meat save when they are sick, they are free to partake of whatever their garden produces and whatever they can buy that is inexpensive. At six in the evening



ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD

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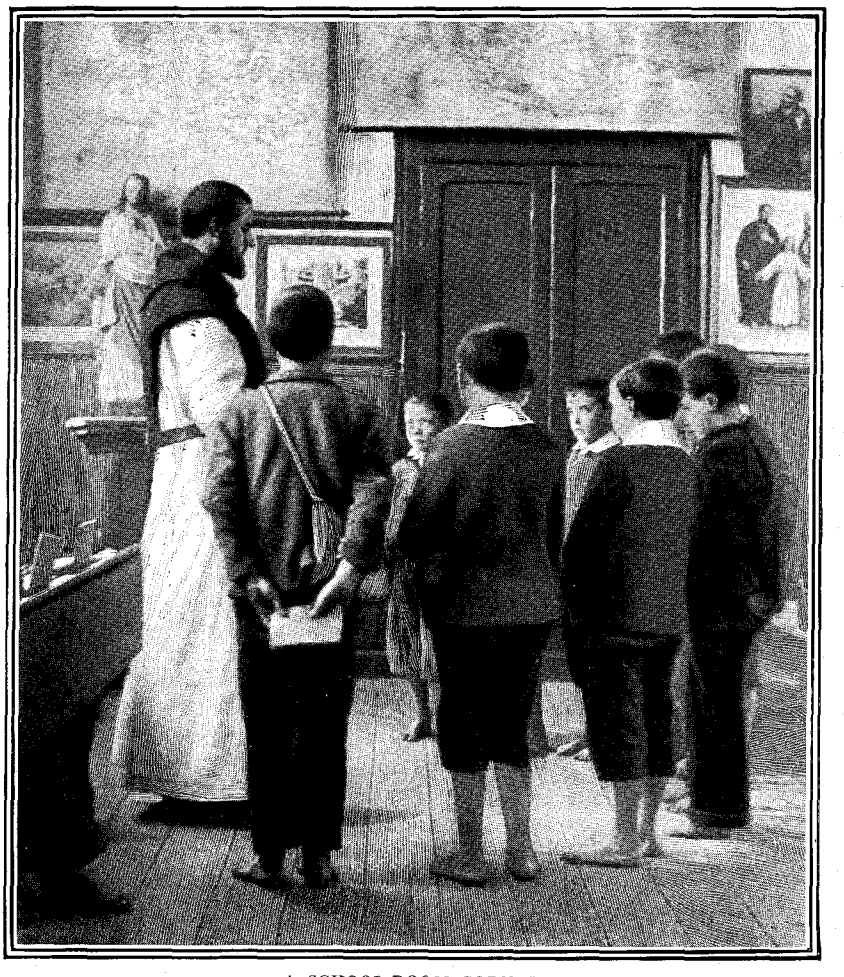
supper is served, the principal items in its bill of fare being oatmeal and a portion of bread saved from the dinner allowance. On occasion a relish is added in the shape of celery, rhubarb, or gooseberries from the garden, or perhaps some preserves that the monks themselves have put up. From September 14 to Easter, however, this evening collation is omitted; but as during this period they retire to rest at seven o'clock, I think the added hour of sleep may somewhat alleviate the inner vacancy.

Manual labor begins at half-past five in the morning, when certain of the monks go to the barn to feed the stock and milk the cows. All the brotherhood are fond of open-air exercise, and the teachers and the father abbot, as well as the others, try to get out for a time each day, even if for no more than a half-hour, digging stone from the land that is being reclaimed. For the field work their skirts are not wholly convenient, and they usually take a reef in them, and with pins or strings fasten them up nearly to their knees.

After the noonday meal the monks go to their cells to spend twenty or thirty minutes in praying, reading, or sleeping. In warmer climates this interval would be taken for a siesta as a matter of course, but few of these Irish monks care to sleep in the middle of the day. Their cells, each containing a narrow couch, are in an upper story along the sides of a long, high hall. They are simply little doorless sections separated by slight partitions. There is just standing-room in them—no chair or surplus furniture; and all are



-A SCHOOL-ROOM CORNER

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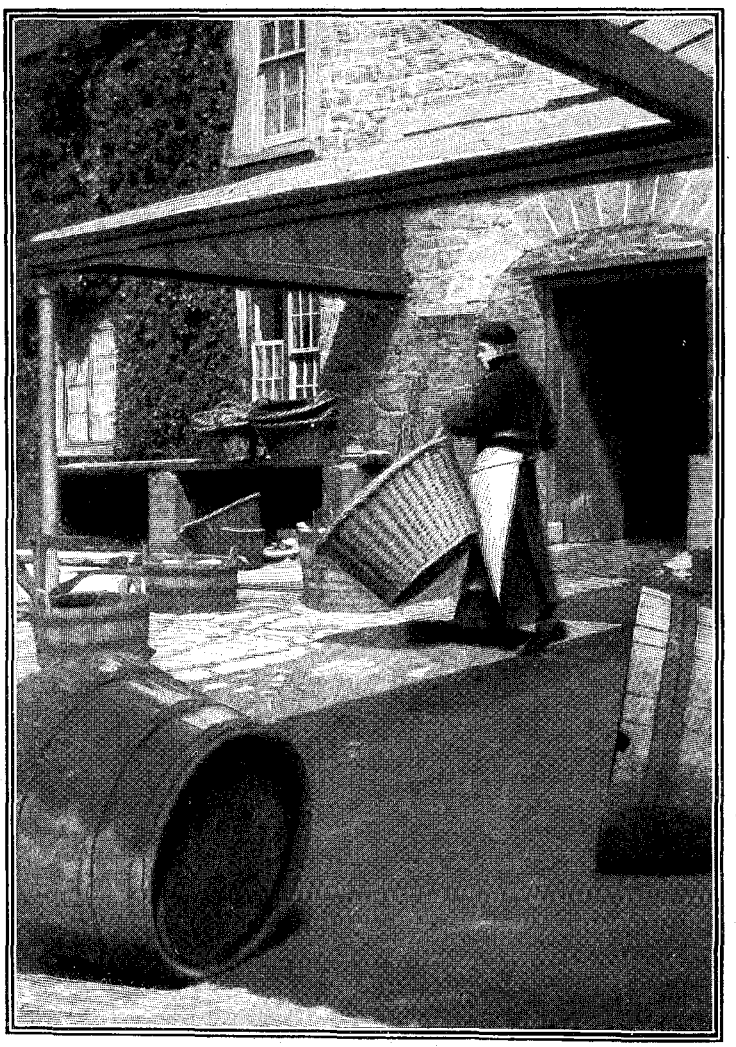

THE ADJUNCTS OF THE WASH-HOUSE

exactly alike, the father superior's being no better than those of the lesser members of the order.

For reading, the monks have a library of twenty-two thousand volumes to draw from. It is largely a religious library, for they buy none of the current secular books. They have, however, all the classics and standard histories, poetry, and novels. They even admit infidel books, that they may keep posted on the wiles of Satan, but such books are kept under lock and key and are read only by special permission.

The monks rarely go outside the boundaries of their own estate. Trading transactions in neighboring towns are intrusted to their kind help, and they themselves travel only on ecclesiastical business and in obedience to orders. In short, the monks of Mount Melleray are a community of religious recluses who are as unworldly as they well can be. I doubt if they take any newspapers or know anything about the movements of life outside their walls. But the brother porter was an exception. His connection with the world was kept up through his intercourse with visitors, and he took a lively interest in the affairs of the nations.

Just how much the monastery helps its inmates toward godliness I am uncertain. It is retired, away from turmoil and many temptations; yet in what I saw of the monks it seemed to me they still had our common human nature.

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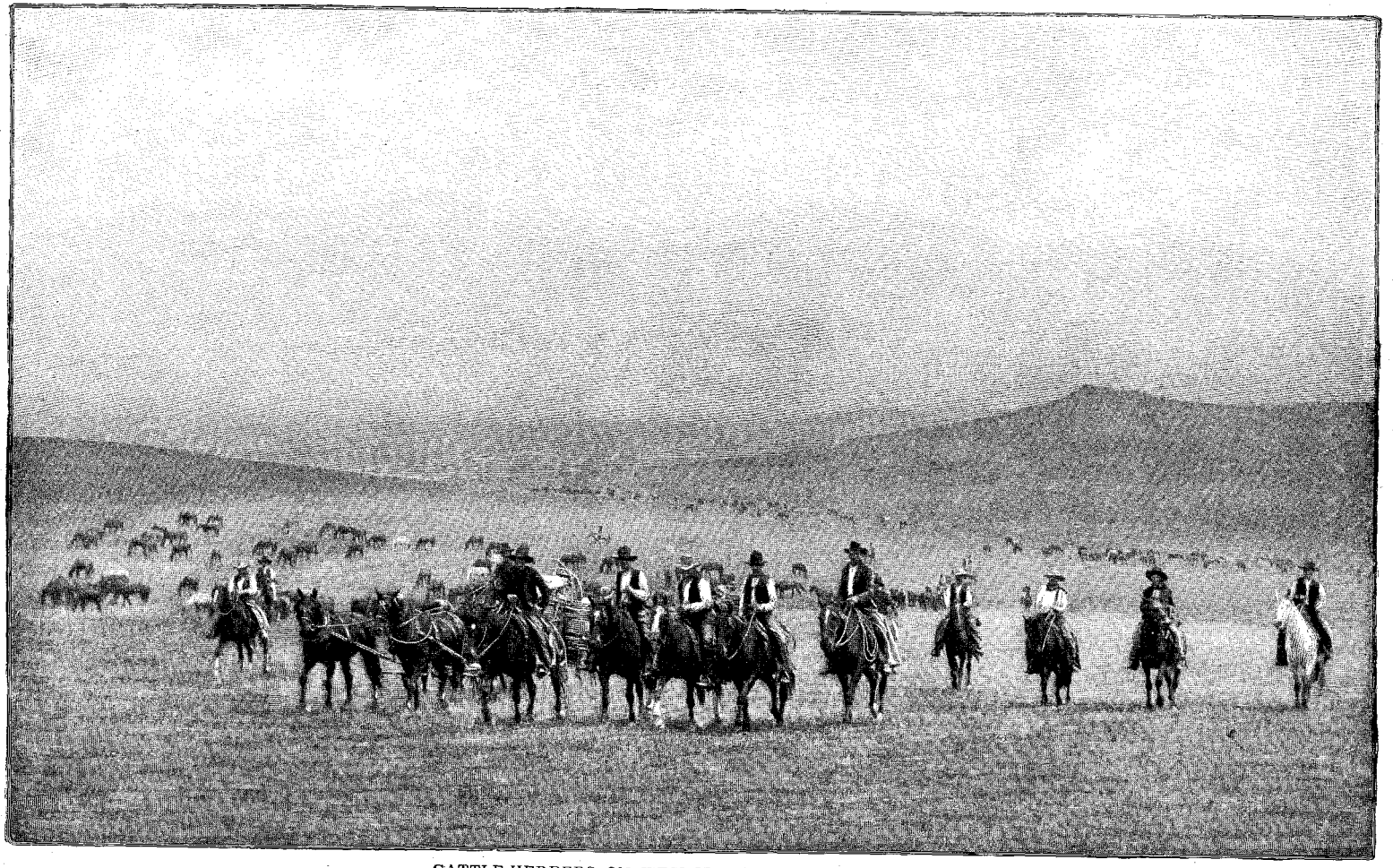

CATTLE-HERDERS ON WESTERN OKLAHOMA PRAIRIES

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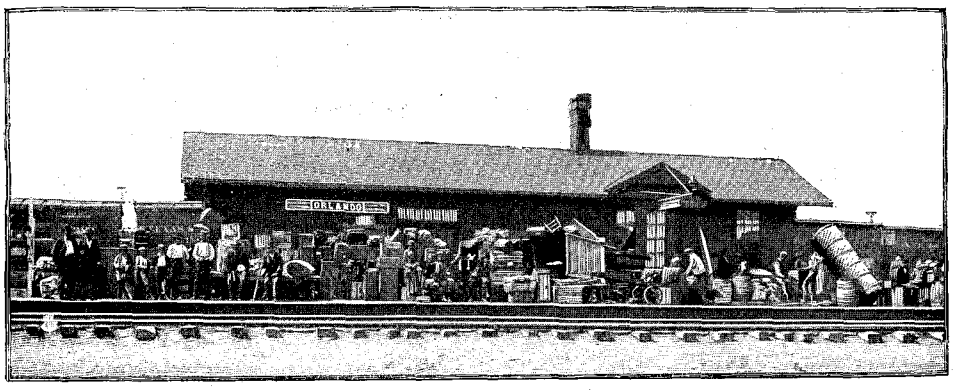

HOUSEHOLD GOODS OF NEWCOMERS

The Next Commonwealth: Oklahoma

By Charles Moreau Harger

ROMANCE in pioneering is fast disappearing from the West. "Settler" and "claim" in a few years will be marked obsolete—indeed, they are so already in a large portion of the country beyond the Missouri. As ranch succeeded range, so farm and field are taking the place of prairie. Even in the newest of the pioneer communities, the "Promised Land" of Oklahoma, such signs of permanent settlement are manifest as to disappoint the seeker after sensational newness. So substantial a development is shown as to make it seem impossible that eleven years ago not a white man's home existed on all the stretching plains of the Territory, while half of it is but seven years old in settlement. The picturesque features of settling up a new country, usually reaching over long and anxious years, were here crowded into a day, and then, in a sense, ended. This did not, however, make Oklahoma mature, and none realize this more fully than its own people.

Strikingly similar are all the prairie States in their physical aspect. In each is the steady upward slope toward the west, with its accompanying variation of rainfall; in each the large rivers flow eastward, by reason thereof, and settlement hugs the rich valleys, while herds and flocks graze on the uplands. In some respects Oklahoma offers an exception. While it, too, has its varying rainfall and altitude, its eastern portion presents a more regular settlement than any portion of the West. Here as nowhere else in the world are whole counties with a family on every quarter-section[1]—and only one. Eastern Oklahoma is in the longitude of central Kansas and Nebraska, but because of its lower latitude it receives a somewhat larger and a far better distributed rainfall. Hence the settlers of this new land, all virgin soil, came into a favorable location, and events have proved how well they improved their opportunity.

Few more beautiful pictures can be seen on the plains than an eastern Oklahoma landscape. The gently rolling, rich, loamy soil, or even the reddish tinge of clay, with myriads of hay or straw stacks, the green of the growing wheat, the thrifty farm-houses, and the promising orchards, unite to tell of agricultural success. One could stand on a windmill tower in northern Oklahoma last fall and count a hundred wheat-stacks; later the smoke of a dozen threshing-engines blotted the horizon, and fourscore teams were turning brown furrows for the new crop. It was a glorious gift of wheat that the farmers received—some twenty-five million bushels from a million acres. To it they added a bountiful corn product and were satisfied.

Farther south comes the cotton country. Alongside the wheat and corn fields are other fields with the low, bushy cotton plants which later become spotted with

[1] A quarter-section is 160 acres.

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snowy bolls. Here and there are gins, and on Saturday afternoons the streets of the towns are filled with wagons in which the farmers have brought the cotton to market. A fertile soil that can produce the staples of both North and South ought to be sufficient for the most exacting.

To the west rainfall diminishes and the stock interests become more prominent until the semi-arid region is reached. Here only the best valleys are occupied, and there is yet plenty of land for entry. The herder and the ranch-house are encountered, and the cattleman is king. One reaches the Cimarron after long toiling through sand and bluffs, only to find a wide, shallow, lazy, brackish stream. Off on the prairie are sudden upliftings of rock and clay that tower a hundred feet or more with sheer sides, like stray monuments from the Garden of the Gods. Beyond that, toward the sunset, is desolation—the coyote-infested plains that stretch on and on into No Man's Land and the Panhandle, and so to the cactus ranges of New Mexico.

It is said that the people of the West emigrate along lines of longitude. Were this so, Oklahoma ought to present an imitation of the States to the north—but it does not. Side by side are the Kansan and the Kentuckian; the Texan touches shoulders with the Nebraskan and the New Yorker. It is a very cosmopolitan population, for all portions of the Nation were represented in the throng that lined up on the border and at the crack of a rifle rushed pell-mell after homes. But it is a country of workers. Those who succeeded in the rush were the pick of the lot, and they have never ceased to strive. Why should they?—the prize is tempting enough. It is bewildering to the visitor.

"There's a fine farm," you remark to the driver, as neat barns, a cozy cottage, and liberal granaries meet your eye.

"Yes, he's one of the best men in the country—made the run in '93. Used to be porter in a hotel at Wichita, borrowed a horse an' made the run. Raised four thousand bushels of wheat this year—he's worth six thousand clear."

Then another: "Yes, he sold one of his two horses to get a gun, an' left his wife an' two girls in a wagon while he got a claim. Sent the girls back East to college last fall. Owns the farm an' a house in town."

It is the same story all along the road. Most of the people came here poor—they came because they were poor—and the farms and improvements represent their profits. Nearly everywhere may be seen the first cabin of the farmer moved back for a granary, while a new house has been built for his family. The trees tell the story of recent settlement; they are small yet. Occasionally there is an element of romance in the story of the incoming. The widow has perhaps made the run for the sake of her children, and has won them a home and a competence. A schoolmistress has ventured to gain a gift from Uncle Sam and held down a claim, reaping a reward in a property that will keep her for life.

To all these the Government gave a fine recognition when last winter it passed the "free homes" bill, absolving thousands of settlers from paying the two dollars and fifty cents an acre called for by their terms of settlement. The savings that had been laid away to make the payment were suddenly a surplus, and the effect has been seen in additions to the houses, new buggies, and trips to the old Eastern home. It has given the first good, hearty breathing-spell enjoyed by thousands of families since the opening. That they appreciated it was shown when they voted for Representative in November—the man who had worked hard for the measure was re-elected by a majority that came but little short of unanimity.

Many of the farmers along the border of the Indian Territory or of the reservations that jut into the Oklahoma border rent lands of the tribes and reap large profits. Wheat and pasture are the common uses, and out of both fortunes have been made. Men who make wheat-raising a business use Indian land extensively—for each quarter-section of the white man's land is occupied and cannot be rented. Sometimes there is seen a tent beside a well-built house. It is the redskin and his family living in their flimsy but familiar home, while the white tenant resides in comfort within strong walls. The Indian would not change places—he is satisfied. The Indians are not all that way; many of them are as skilled in the use of the advantages of civilization as their white

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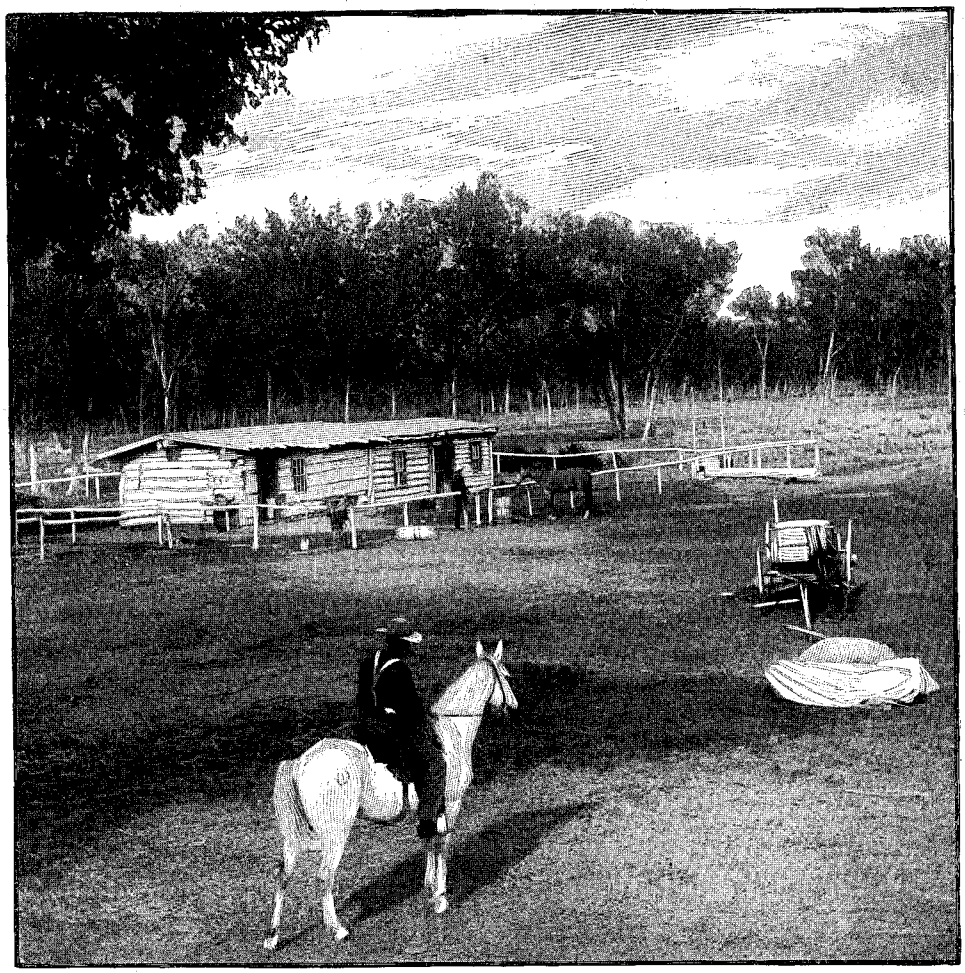

HERDERS' CABIN

brothers. To be sure, some buy steel ranges for hen-coops and porcelain bath-tubs for watering-troughs, but they are getting past that.

It is a curious thing that, despite the apparently full settlement of the most desirable lands of Oklahoma, immigration is all the time adding to the population. In the land offices are found farmers from Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas, with a considerable contingent from the Northern States—people who have grown weary of battling against twenty-below-zero weather. They want to buy farms, and the agent has plenty of land to show them.

"Where is the man who sells out going?" is the question that naturally arises. This brings to light one of the curious elements of Western development—one that is worthy the attention of a philosopher, and which has had a wide influence on the civilization of the prairie, accounting for some of the strange chapters in its history. This is the mover—the settler who is never satisfied, who holds all he possesses for sale, and who sees something better just beyond. Thousands came to Oklahoma because they wanted to move on; they are willing again to move on, and they will probably emulate the Wandering Jew to the end of the chapter. They never become rich, and their families are the real sufferers from their course. Those who receive twenty-five hundred to four thousand dollars—the usual price for a fairly well improved claim—seek cheaper lands in the western part of the Territory, or wait for another "opening." The new population is of the substantial kind that comes to stay.

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This changing is going on rapidly, and the population figures are creeping well upward, the new census giving the Territory three hundred and ninety-eight thousand. The immigrants who cannot afford to buy the better farms take their way westward, and, with stock as an added source of income, make a start on the cheaper lands. Thus it is that there is opportunity for all who come. Even the money-loaner who puts his trust in farm mortgages reaps a good harvest—seven to nine per cent.; a rate, by the way, that is higher than the regular crop conditions seem to justify.

In the past season, the fourth of the series of good crop years, Oklahoma has produced 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, 15,000,000 of oats, 70,000,000 of corn, and 140,000 bales of cotton. This, with the small fruits and the yield of its stock interests, makes it remarkably prosperous. Its property is valued for taxes at $49,338,000—a rather tidy substance to be gathered in a decade. The cotton crop alone sold for over $6,000,000; the wheat brought $13,000,000. Each year the total is larger, and each year sees better farming; for even in the western section, as in the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska, the lesson of the adaptability of soil and climate has been learned, and experiments are less numerous. The people who have settled Oklahoma have put in long, weary years experimenting with the climate, and know what to expect from the rain-clouds. More "experience" was brought to the conquering of the soil of the Territory than to any other part of the West, and the advancement made is evidence of its value.

In the towns of Oklahoma, more, perhaps, than in the country, is seen evidence of the Territory's youth. The towns were settled on the run. They might have for their motto, "Cities made while you wait." In a day were erected the first structures, and in a fortnight the town-sites presented as well developed a situation as grew up in other communities in a dozen years. But it was all very temporary and very rambling The first buildings were mere shacks sufficient to keep out the weather. Like the cabins on the claim, they pretended nothing, but accomplished their purpose, which was to hold down the land for later improvements, and for this purpose anything was good enough.

As the Territory gained in years, these first buildings gave way to brick and stone blocks, pretentious corner fronts, and the habiliments of civilization. Yet some of the first comers remained, and there is yet presented in most of the smaller towns an incongruous comparison of the old order of things and the new. There was, too, as in the other prairie communities, a tendency to overbuild, and the effect was seen in empty buildings fringing the busy section of the town. Of course decreased revenues formed a corrective of this tendency, and the town has waited for the country to catch up. This, generally, has been accomplished now, and the building that has been resumed is in accordance with the legitimate demands of the places.

The railroad towns are, for the most part, located along the two main lines—the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, and the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific—which traverse the eastern portion of the Territory from north to south. They have enjoyed a trade reaching back into the country east and west thirty to sixty miles, and have thrived on the business that came, not alone from the settlers directly, but from the little settlements that made local distributing points. So it often happens that the business of the towns has been out of proportion to their size, and merchants located in unpainted frame shacks have been piling up bank accounts at a rate that many a better-housed dealer might well envy.

This condition is passing away. Cross lines of railroad are being built as rapidly as the work can be done, and along them are springing up new business centers, each cutting off the trade of some older town. It is a repetition of the history of other sections of the West, and will continue until the town and country reach an equilibrium where further town-building becomes unprofitable.

The rivalry of the towns has been very bitter. It began when the first locations were selected, rival town companies racing for the favored spots. In one instance where two towns were located close together, the railroad took a hand, and by refusing to stop its trains at one of them compelled a consolidation. Many town-

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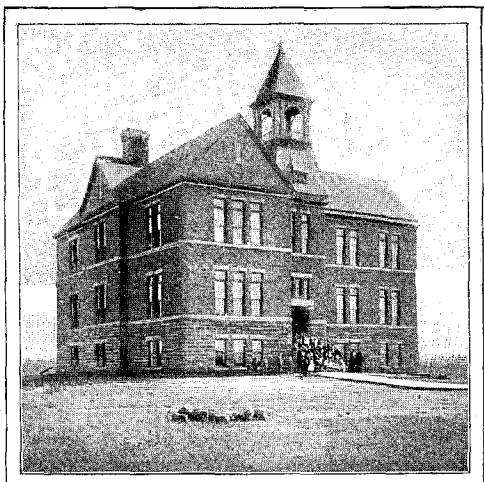
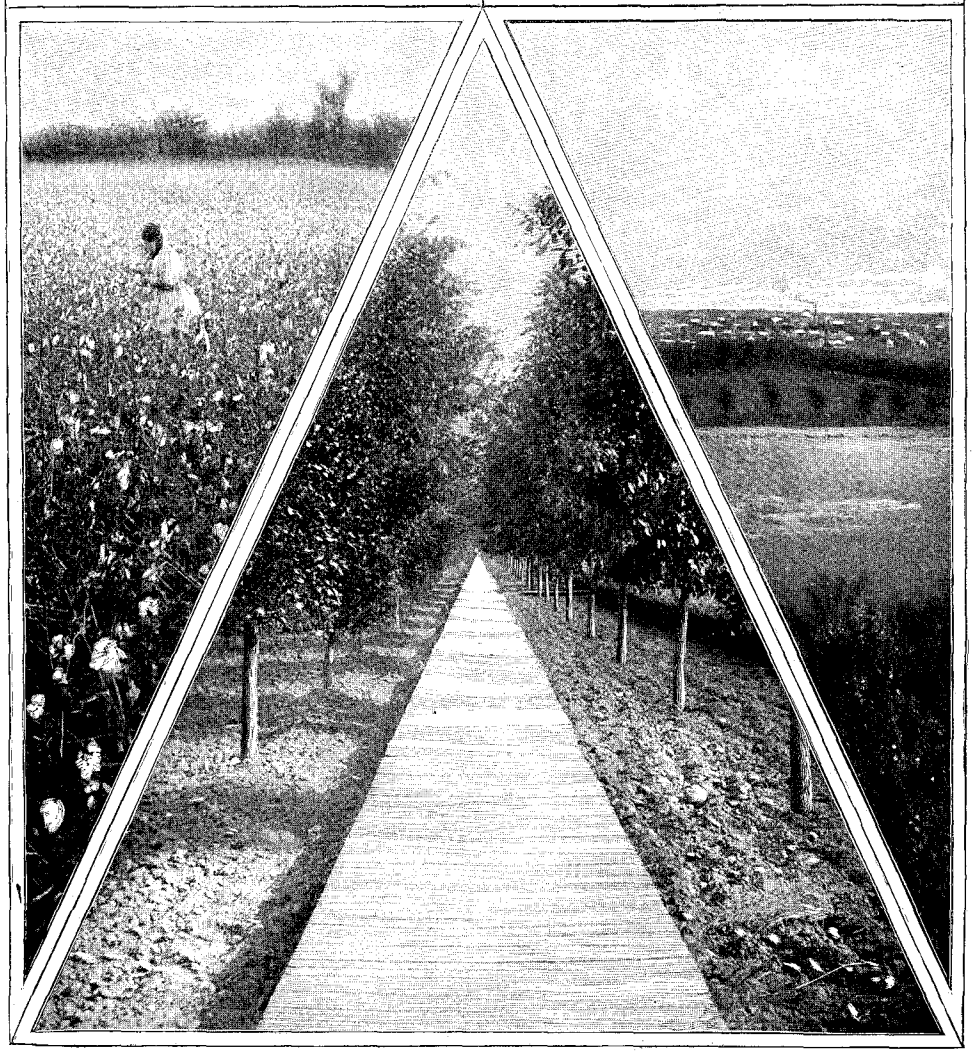


OKLAHOMA PUBLIC SCHOOL

OKLAHOMA HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO



COTTON-FIELD ON LITTLE RIVER *FOUR YEARS FROM THE SOD* OKLAHOMA TOWN

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sites were deserted as the development went on, for Western people are quick to read the future, and are not inclined to continue a fight when it affects their pocketbooks. After the towns were located came the contest for the county seats. To succeed meant permanent prosperity and advancement, together with a material local prominence. Every effort is put forth in such struggles.

"We got every vote we could in our neighborhood," remarked a young enthusiast, describing a county seat election. "We got 'em all but two. We couldn't get them for love or money—and," he added, naïvely, "we tried both."

In one instance last summer, when an election was held, the successful town could not wait for the official announcement of the result of the ballots, but, on being satisfied that it had won, the citizens took fifty teams and wagons and made a pilgrimage to the losing village. They loaded into the wagons all the county records, the household goods of the county officers, the officers and their families, and then, with a brass band playing strains of victory, took up the journey homeward. The rejoicing when the caravan filed into the new county capital may be imagined. It was a typical incident in Western life, and the wonder is that all the inhabitants of the vanquished community did not of their own accord join the procession.

It is notable that in their construction of public buildings the people of the Territory have looked to the future and have built with wisdom. The public-school buildings, the court-houses, and the institutions of higher learning are imposing and modern in their architecture. They are fitted for the development of decades to come, and are a credit to the far-seeing faith of their projectors. This confidence of the Oklahomans in their coming greatness is nowhere more strongly manifested, and there is no reason to doubt the basis of their trust.

The race for recognition as the commercial headquarters is between two cities —Guthrie, the capital of the Territory, and Oklahoma City, fifty miles farther south. The former enjoys a prestige that gives it some advantage, while the latter, fully its equal in population, lays claim to being the business center for wholesale houses and is reaching out for manufactories of various sorts.

It is not clear to the people of the Territory why, with its annual production of

AN OKLAHOMA STREET SCENE OF TO-DAY

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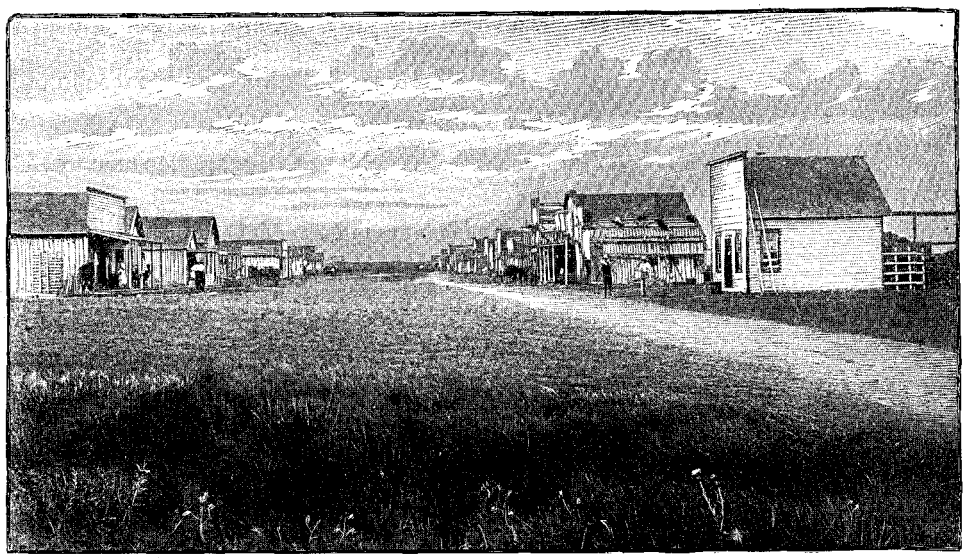

BEGINNING A TOWN

Norman, Oklahoma, June 29, 1889. Now it is a city of four thousand inhabitants.

140,000 bales of high-grade cotton, an output steadily increasing, it should ship its raw material to the Atlantic States for manufacture and then ship the finished product back again for use. So there is an earnest effort to secure cotton-factories to stand beside the cotton-seed oil mills and so utilize all the possibilities contained in this yield of the fields. Their coming is but a matter of time. Situated at the door of a market that includes the whole Middle West and with the cotton crop of the Southwest close at hand, the question of a supply of raw material and of a market ought to be answered fully.

The little white school-house is omnipresent, for the settlers brought with them a firm belief in education. Every neighborhood is provided for, and high schools, normal schools, and colleges are waiting for the young men and women. Churches in city and hamlet and even in some country districts minister faithfully to the religious needs. Newspapers, good ones too, chronicle with exultant eulogy every advance of each community. It is a country of modern ways and high ideals. The sun shines most of the year, and its cheer is reflected in the hope and energy of the people.

Two "openings" have made Oklahoma what it is—the original one in 1889 and that of the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Another that will probably be more interesting than either will occur next year—that of the Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche reservations lying to the south of the land first given to settlers. This land extends from the Washita River on the north to the Red River on the south, about one hundred miles, and from the ninety-eighth degree of west longitude on the east to the north fork of the Red River on the west, comprising approximately three million acres. By an act of Congress it is to be opened to settlement as soon as the allotments ordered for the Indians of the tribes named shall be made.

Under the agreement between the tribes and the Government each Indian is to have one hundred and sixty acres of land located where he desires it, and also another one hundred and sixty acres located in a great undivided pasture to be situated on the southern border. In the three tribes are 2,900 persons entitled to allotments, and under the act of Congress, with its complicated provisions as to age and intermarriage, there will be a total of 467,840 acres to come out of the 2,968,983 acres in the reservations. Then there are school and college lands, fort reservations, and the grazing lands to be reserved, which leaves 1,614,000 acres, or about eleven thousand 160-acre quarter-sections, to be opened to settlement. Some of this is included in the Wichita

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Mountains—the far western outcropping of the Blue Ridge range which finds expression not only in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, but in the Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas, before being apparent here. In these mountains are minerals, hunting parks, and considerable forest growths.

While the total amount of land to be opened is practically as large as the original Oklahoma, the reduction by reason of the rough, untillable section reduces it fully one-third.

The reservation lies, all of it, west of a line drawn north and south a little east of the center of Kansas and Nebraska. Now there is a pretty well accepted sentiment in those States that this line is about as far west as successful agriculture—meaning grain-raising as distinguished from stock-raising or mixed farming—can be carried on, one year with another. But the rainfall seems to be better distributed and more generous in the same longitude as one goes south, so that this section has promise of good crop returns. Then it is held by those experienced in prospecting these new lands that the mountains turn back and temper the dreaded "hot winds" which make the settler's summer anxious, and so allow the crops to come to fruitage in greater protection on the prairies north of the range than elsewhere in the prairie region. The lands are well watered by small streams, and the soil is very fertile along the valleys—not notably so elsewhere. In the Indian pastures will be 480,000 acres of land, for which the tribes have been offered by the cattlemen a rental of twenty cents an acre—a sum that will give the Indians a good income. In addition there will also be the income from the lands taken in severalty, most of which will also be rented.

That the people of the West are eager for the new lands is evidenced by the fact that men have been camped along the line since the spring of 1900. They support themselves by working at times and by hunting, meanwhile getting ready for the run. White canvas-topped wagons are drifting southward here and there in Oklahoma and the States to the north, bearing more settlers. Many of the old Oklahomans who are selling out expect to secure new homes at the opening, believing that their other experience will assist them materially. About every other man in the Territory is apparently planning to try for a claim. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose in this lottery of Uncle Sam's.

The prospect that the opening would come next spring seems doomed to disappointment. The progress of the allotment and survey is so slow that it is probable that the date will not be earlier than August or September, 1901. When it comes, there will be a sight worth seeing, as it will be the last of the openings on so extensive a scale.

One fond dream animates the people who have accomplished so much in a single decade—Statehood. They cannot understand why they should be denied entrance into the sisterhood of commonwealths when the doors have been opened to so many less fitted in the essentials of material welfare. The new census shows that Oklahoma now has a population greater than eight of the States of the Union, and only a few thousand less than five others. Even should the enabling act be passed at once and immediate Statehood be secured for Oklahoma alone, it would, with its present rate of growth, have at the time of securing it a greater population than a dozen other States, some of which entered the Union at the Nation's birth. Here are some comparisons:

	Population.
Oklahoma	398,245
Idaho	161,771
Montana	243,289
Delaware	184,735
Nevada	42,334
North Dakota	319,040
Utah	276,565
Vermont	343,641
Wyoming	92,531

On the east of Oklahoma is another section also desirous of becoming a State—the Indian Territory. There also are being held Statehood conventions. Two parties exist in both Territories; one advocating separate Statehood, the other favoring a union into one commonwealth. The double Statehood idea is most popular in the Indian Territory, where it is argued that Oklahoma, with its experience and organization in politics and its public buildings, would probably secure the capital as well as control the offices of the new State. Oklahoma naturally inclines toward single Statehood, and points to the influence that

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would accrue to a powerful commonwealth such as the consolidation of the two would form. The census gives the Indian Territory a population of 391,960, so that the single State formed of both would have not only an area of about seventy thousand square miles (a territory as large as New York and West Virginia, or as all the New England States with Delaware and New Jersey added), but a population of eight hundred thousand, which is exceeded by only twenty-nine of the forty-five States of the Union. So strong a commonwealth, with the low taxes sure to attend its management, would attract capital and receive an advertisement that would lift it rapidly upward in every department of business and social development. But whether Statehood be single or double, it must soon come, and will add to the already substantial conditions prevailing.

Not often may a land little more than a decade from bare prairie present so marvelous a showing as does Oklahoma. Gifted with a fertile soil, with varied riches beneath the surface and a favoring climate above it; touching the tropics on the one hand and the colder belt on the other; settled by people who prefer pluck to display and exalt industry above heroics, how can it fail to fulfill a glorious destiny! That it has a marvelous future its people believe, and they await in confidence the coming years. They have certainly laid good foundations, and richly deserve all the prosperity and progress that can come to them.

A Unique Collection

By Coggeshall Macy

THERE is in Florence a little *trattoria* the advantages of whose location and the excellences of whose cookery are guarded secrets of its patrons. The coziest seat is open to the afternoon sun—and there is a keen chill to the shadow at this season—and commands a prospect of the Bell Tower. It is but a step to a busy thoroughfare, although a world removed from the rush and restlessness of the crowd. And the coffee is very good.

I had come there one afternoon from the neighborhood of Santa Maria Novella, the region where the malign sprite that besets spendthrifts spreads his most subtle lures. *Niellos*, inlays, enamels, carved woods, brass sanctuary lamps, old tapestries, brocades, were laid alike in vain before me. I even shut my heart to a most fascinating old watch, with an elaborately chased hunting-case, a painted dial, and, in the back, a sweet-toned gong whereon a manikin of silver struck the hours with a tiny silver hammer. And, avoiding Scylla in the Via del Giglio, I fell into Charybdis opposite to San Lorenzo.

The trap for my ensnaring was a torn, battered, vellum-bound manuscript. The title-page and a good fourth part of the text gone, the pages stained here and there as by a wine-pot carelessly set down, the writing faded almost to vanishing by years—what book-lover could deny shelter to so forlorn a tome? I counted out the few *soldi* that the hag at the stall demanded, tucked the volume under my arm, and, shamefaced for my weakness, set off for my *caffè* at such a pace that, for the only time in my life, I omitted to stop in passing and gaze at the Gate Beautiful that glorifies *il mio bel San Giovanni*. Slinking into my accustomed place like a school-boy caught in a truancy, I read in the volume leisurely.

It was part verse, part prose. I turned the pages haphazard, conning the lines not without a sense of dim reminiscence, and presently skipped along to the prose. The crabbed and well-nigh obliterated character puzzled me at first. With neither title, punctuation, nor division into parts, the faint letters but slowly spelled a sense. At length the import of the words dawned on me. I caught my breath and turned the leaf quickly as if needful of further proof of what I had just read. The confirming words swam before my eyes. I let the book drop open upon the table and strove to collect my dazed wits. I had found the letters of Boccaccio to Fiammetta!

I cannot tell how long I remained thus

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stupefied. An old gentleman came into the *caffè* quietly and seated himself at the table with me. I became aware of his presence suddenly, adding new fear to my first amazement. I whipped the book under my coat and glared at the intruder until he looked up with a polite smile and asked:

"*Signor è virtuoso?*"

"Ah, no," I answered. "'The power is weak, and great alone the pleasure.'"

He nodded recognition of the quotation and went on in his low, well-modulated voice:

"But you read something of interest?"

"Only a fragmentary manuscript that I picked up near the Medicean Palace," I said, with as careless a tone as I could command; "I have not yet examined it carefully."

The old man sipped his *cappuccino* silently, and after a few moments looked up again. He must have had an eye compelling as the Ancient Mariner's, for—knowing that I hoped vainly for a refusal—I felt obliged to ask:

"Would it interest you to look at it?"

At the first glimpse of the shriveled binding his expression softened as though he looked on a familiar sight, and he took the book in his lank hand and caressed the pages with loving touch.

"Ah, yes," he said; "you will count this a fortunate day. I also have not been without good luck in my time; and if you delight in such things, I have some trifles at home—*nella casa*—that I can at some time show you. Or if you have now a little leisure . . . ?"

I could not choose but hear, and I followed him out into the broad Cathedral Square.

Afterward it all seemed to me confused as a remembered dream. I know not what streets we walked through. We seemed to take a roundabout way. He broke silence once only that I remember—in the Piazza dell' Annunziata. There, pointing with a sweep of the hand at the dear *bambini* that grace the façade of the Spedale degli Innocenti, he said:

"I always come by this way to look at them. As I, they keep ever of one age."

We came at length into the Via Torta, which preserves the curve of the walls of the ancient amphitheater. There he turned abruptly, pushing open a door flush with the street paving, and led me up long flights of ill-lighted stairs. At the top of the house he ushered me into a room spacious even for an Italian apartment. The long wall opposite the doorway was covered with a magnificent tapestry. The other walls were lined with book-shelves to half their height. Above were pictures, framed drawings and autographs, and a miscellany of literary curios. The light streamed straight through the deep-embrasured windows—the sun was now sunk so low—and fell on a fountain in the middle of the room that plashed with soothing murmur on a small rockery.

"It is fed from a running brook in Arden," said my guide. And taking up a stone from the rockery, he continued: "Such were the volumes of sermons the good duke found there."

I glanced up at the old man. His hair was grizzled but by no means white, his beard of patriarchal length, and his complexion browned from exposure to wind and weather. His features were Oriental and his expression one of fine intelligence. In his carriage, to be sure, there was a slight stoop, but his step was vigorous and swift. His speech and manner were those of an accomplished man of the world. Feature, accent, nor address afforded a certain indication of either race or age.

"On these shelves," he said, going toward the window wall, "are the volumes I alluded to. These are Raphael's hundred sonnets; this is the essay of the initial *canti* of the Divina Commedia which the poet made in Latin before he trusted his genius to the vital Tuscan. And this, since you speak English, may interest you even more. It is Pepys's romance 'Love a Cheate.' I pieced it together from the scraps he made of the manuscript. It was delicate work, for, you see, he has written on both sides of the paper."

I handled the volume with eagerness, trying to imagine how the lively Clerk of the Acts persuaded himself to mutilate it that January night when he made all things even and clear in the world. He read it over first, and found he "liked it well, and wondered a little at myself at the vein at the time I wrote it, doubting I cannot do so well now if I would try." Bound into the volume were the songs "Beauty

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Retire," "It is Decreed," "Gaze not on Swans," and "Great, Good, and Just." The first two, my guide explained, were probably early copies of the originals in the Pepysian Library; but the others, the only copies extant.

"All the books on this wall," said the venerable collector, "are reputed lost. Those on the adjoining shelves are interesting for a different reason."

He put into my hands another manuscript, written in Latin, in a delicate seventeenth-century hand on the finest paper. It was entitled: *Utraque manus in benedicendo clericus inferioribus necessaria est.*

"The thesis of Aramis!" I exclaimed.

"Even so," answered the librarian. "These are the books not written themselves but written about in other books. Here, for example, are some choice specimens of English divinity. The sermons of Parson Adam and those of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, published at the request of his congregation. And that sweet tract, 'The Washerwoman of Finchley Common,' by Lady Emily Sheepshanks, sister-in-law to Sir Pitt Crawley, the younger. This is a monograph on monogamy by the Rev. Dr. Primrose; and these, Ned Softley's poems with an introduction by Addison, charming for its veiled irony. Here, also, are the verses of Reginald Bunthorne and the lyrics of Archibald Grosvenor.

"Here are the novels of David Copperfield, and beside them 'The Cantatrice' and 'The Man of Two Minds,' by Diana Warwick. Of 'Walter Lorraine,' Pendennis's first novel, I was fortunate to get the copy that belonged to his uncle the Major. Calf elegant, and the pages not all cut, you observe. This is 'The Pilgrim's Scrip,' by Sir Austin Feveral, a presentation copy to Diaper Sandoe. The brochure at your hand is the famous paper entitled 'Speculations on the Sources of Hampstead Ponds, with Some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats,' communicated by the immortal Pickwick at an early meeting of the club that bears his name. These are the poems of Miles Coverdale, and these the collected works of Miss Bunion, 'Heartstrings,' 'The Deadly Nightshade,' 'Passion Flowers,' and 'The Orphan of Gozo,' cut up by Mr. Rigby in the Quarterly with his usual kindness. From this work some extracts have been printed, but the volume itself is still in the manuscript. It is:

BLOSSOMS OF THE SOUL.

A Wreath of Verse; *Original.*

By GIFTED HOPKINS.

A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.—*Gray.*

I keep 'Thoughts on the Universe,' by his friend Byles Gridley, near to it.

"These are principally dramatic works. This, 'The Faithful Fool, A Comedy, as it was performed by Her Majesty's Servants. By a Person of Quality. London, 1712,' is blotted with ink, as you see, and has many erasures and interpolations, stage directions for the most part, in the author's autograph. There were nine copies sold, I believe, before Colonel Esmond had the rest of the impression burned. This prompt copy he took with him to Virginia. And with it is 'Carpezan,' a tragedy by his American grandson, George Warrington. In the same volume is the drama adapted from the French by Nicholas Nickleby, and the pamphlet of sixty-four pages on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in 'Romeo and Juliet' by Mr. Curdle, containing on the fly-leaf the invitation to Nicholas to read Shakespeare with him for three hours every morning before breakfast.

"Around the corner are books whose associations give them an added value. This little gem, 'On the Malleability of Fire,' is the treatise Dr. Gulliver picked up in the Academy of Lagoda. And the quarto yonder on the second shelf is Shallow's 'Book of Songs and Sonnets.' It cost me only four shillings, although he valued it at more than forty. Next to the right is the 'Book of Riddles' he lent to Mistress Shortcake upon Allhallowmas, a fortnight afore Michaelmas. The collection of tales of chivalry below was made by the Knight of La Mancha.

"Over this book Mrs. Battle sometimes unbent her mind after a hand at whist. And this book of verses is said to be so excellent that, in addition to its charm, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and One singing in the Wilderness were enough to transform it into Paradise for the Astronomer-Poet. Brutus read in this book the night before Philippi. The leaf is turned down where he left reading. And this ancient jest-book is that Polonius

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gave his daughter to read, that show of such an exercise might color her loneliness. It contains the original version of Squire Hardcastle's story, 'The Old Grouse in the Gunroom.'

"The set in uniform binding is Colonel Newcome's traveling library: Boswell's Johnson, Cæsar and Tacitus, both with translations, the Spectator, Don Quixote, and Sir Charles Grandison.

"Just to your right—there—the water-stained volume. It is Prospero's Book of Magic, the only volume remaining of the library he thought dukedom large enough. The next folio, in Nostradamus's handwriting, is the work on necromancy that once belonged to the learned Dr. Faust; and the third is the Book of Michael Scott. The cover is still stained with the blood of William of Deloraine.

"The Gibbon, in eight volumes, red and gold, purple ribbon in every volume to keep the place where you left off, is (of course) the copy read aloud to Mr. Boffin by Silas Wegg.

"Here is an odd work, inspired equally by Apollo and by Ceres: 'Le Poète-Rotisseur.' 'Tis written by one Ragueneau, at one time candle-snuffer of Molière's theater. The critical preface by Cyrano de Bergerac is a masterpiece. The adjacent volumes are the poems of Lucien de Rubempré.

"In this corner are mostly modern works. 'Sardonyx,' Josslyn's clever tale; Sherlock Holmes on Tobacco-Ashes, a typical recent scientific monograph, compact, concise, and comprehensive. For the contrast, I have put it beside an old-fashioned bit of historical writing, 'The History of the Punjaub,' by Colonel Sir William Dobbin, C.B.[1]

"These legal commentaries are the ones turned over by Bellario and Portia. The bond that involved the famous suit is inserted in the first of those volumes. For that little book, which then lay in his chamber window, Benedict sent a boy to fetch it to the orchard. That is a copy of the works of Walther von der Vogelweide, long owned by the family Von Stolzing, a noble Franconian house. The last of the race settled in Nuremberg, where he married Fräulein Evchen Pogner, a goldsmith's daughter and a protegée of Hans Sachs. The file of the 'Gazette de Hollande' was given me by the Flying Dutchman.

"Pray give a moment's attention to the pictures. The angel in the style of Giotto was drawn by Dante on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death. I had it from the poet's last patron, Guido da Polenta, the uncle of Francesca da Rimini. That is her 'Galleotto' just below; beside Dante's 'Æneid.'

"The architectural drawing is the design for the façade of the Duomo here in Florence that Andrea del Sarto erected during the *fêtes* upon the arrival of Leo X. in 1515. The other drawings have merely a personal interest. I sometimes sit as model to my friends. That sketch of me is by Titian—simply a study for the more finished work opposite.

"The bust that so resembles Praxiteles's Faun is by an American who some time since lived at Rome—Kenyon. It is a portrait of the then Count of Monte Beni.

"These are principally modern English paintings. This, a charming 'Oberon and Titania,' by J. J. Ridley; it comes from the Earl of Kew's collection. This is Bagot's 'Moon Dial,' and these, soldier-sketches by Heldar. He unfortunately became blind, you know, just as he began to do better work.

"Will the light allow you to examine this autograph? It is almost faded out, and never was more than a scribbled memorandum. If I bring it nearer to the window—so. 'A man can smile and smile and be a villain.' Most interesting, is it not? It lay hidden in the Danish archives for years, and then passed to the University Council at Wittenberg, where I found it when I studied there.

"This goblet, parcel-gilt, comes from the Dolphin chamber of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. 'Twas upon it Falstaff swore upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the Prince broke Sir John's head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, as Mistress Quickly was washing the wound, to marry her and make her my lady his wife. The salver, by the Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, is that whereon Rowena's muffins were served by a kneeling page, she having chosen this breakfast cate since royal Alfred baked these cakes; at least so it

[1] The collector has doubtless added by this time T. Sandys's books "On Women" and "The Wandering Child," which had not yet been written when I saw this strange library.

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is chronicled in the continuation of her veracious history."

The old man gently replaced the salver and crossed the room to the great wall. Taking a corner of the tapestry in his hand, he said:

"This is woven after a lost design of Raphael. The light is quite insufficient to let you see more than the grace of the outline. It covers the gem of my collection."

And he slowly drew the curtain aside.

"This is the Cartoon of the Soldiers surprised while bathing by the Pisans. I have searched for the fragments in all parts of the world, and I still lack a few—one here, to the left below the center, two farther up and more to the side, and the entire right lower corner. One of the most important I have at last traced back here to Florence, and another, I believe, is in possession of a Russian nobleman. I hope to have them all in time. You see the force of the composition. I regret that it is too dark to observe the details."

He let the tapestry fall and walked with me towards the door. As I turned to bid him farewell, I noticed an old, worn Ovid in a most sumptuous binding.

"How comes this to have so rich a dress?" I asked.

"Have you forgotten Jove in the thatched house?" he replied. "Look at the name written in front."

It was Touchstone's copy.

Leaving him surrounded with his marvelous treasures, I walked slowly through the deserted streets. I lingered in the Piazza della Signoria, wishful to return to inquire how he had brought together so valuable a collection. But the hour was late. Indeed, it was quite night. As I paused, the clouds broke and the moon shone out from behind the Palazzo Vecchio. And the tower that, beginning in mid-air, springs from the overhanging battlement into the heavens, cast a shadow pointing me homeward. I followed the omen.

When I awoke next morning from a refreshing sleep, I realized that the old bibliomaniac had never once let go of my priceless Boccaccio. Nay, before my very eyes, he had placed it on his shelf between Bach's "Passion According to St. John" and his recovered "Tragedies of Euripides," with a gesture altogether so natural that I failed to observe what book he put there. I rushed with all speed to the Via Torta, but I could find no trace of the house I had entered the day before. Room, fountain, books, pictures, the veiled Cartoon of Michelangelo, the strange custodian—all had vanished!

I stood bewildered in the narrow street until, at last, a friendly hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was M——, the best-informed antiquary in Florence. He, if any one, could direct me in my search.

"Whereabout in this street is that wonderful collection," I cried, "with the great Titian portrait of an old man with a long beard, clothed in furs and sitting amid his books, holding a letter in his hand?"

"What old-wives' tale have you been listening to?" said M——. "That Titian is a myth. At least, there used to be such a portrait, but it is long since lost. Some say it now belongs to its original, the Wandering Jew."

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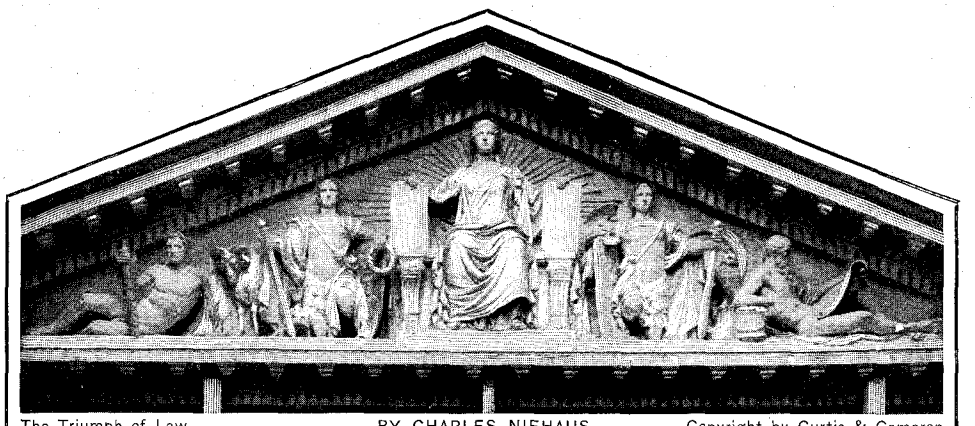

The Triumph of Law BY CHARLES NIEHAUS Copyright by Curtis & Cameron

A BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC BUILDING

BY RICHARD LADEGAST

VICTOR HUGO, in his poem "Les Enfants," prays that he may never see the summer without its flowers, the cage without birds, the hive without bees, nor the house without children; and he might have added, among these things void of beauty without their correlatives, the niche without the statue. In American architecture there has been no greater abuse of the prerogative of the architect than that of leaving undone, with the owner's abetment, things he started out to do. In his plans he delights us with statues adroitly dispersed among elements otherwise monotonous; but these statues never appear in the completed building, though only too frequently niches are built in the walls, like holes in a cheese, and become permanent reminders of perfection dreamed of but never attained. If New Yorkers had no other reason to congratulate themselves upon the new Appellate Court House, they could at least be thankful for this, that every one of the twenty-odd statues provided for in the original plans is actually in place, each fitting perfectly into a scheme of adornment which makes the façade of the building a unique example of combined architectural and sculptural ornament.

The conditions under which the building was erected were most favorable; there was no competition, for one architect, James Brown Lord (whose work in remodeling some court-rooms in the Constable Building brought him such acclaim that he was unhesitatingly commissioned to draw the plans), had entire charge. A bill for a special appropriation of seven hundred thousand dollars was put through the Legislature, and Mr. Lord was left free to select some twenty-five artists and sculptors who were in his estimation most competent to execute the different parts of the work. To their sympathetic co-operation with him is due that harmonious ensemble which was the architect's chief desire to attain. This harmony is seen in the court-room, where, on entering, the impression received is that this is the work of one man; later we discover that six painters, a glass-worker, and wood-carvers took part in the decorations. In every part of the building is seen this same unity; there are no breaks of monotonous blank spaces, though there are perhaps a few blemishes. The capitals of the Madison Avenue columns and those of the pilasters behind crowd unnecessarily on one another, though, indeed, this might be argued as a purposeful planning meant to suggest largeness of form, so that the end, which is only fifty feet wide, shall not look emaciated in comparison with the Twenty-fifth Street front, which is one hundred and fifty feet long.

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Again, the balustrades of the railing on the sidewalk and upon the attic are unclassical and ugly in shape, smacking of the turning-lathe at every bulging; and the Twenty-fifth Street entrances are somewhat narrow. But, with these few exceptions, the details, decorative and sculptural, are worked out with a scholarly view to their adding richness whenever possible; the spirit of classical symmetry is stamped on every space; everywhere follow harmoniously, one after the other, on capital, cornice, and ceiling, richly molded bands of egg and dart, the fret, the meander, and the acanthus.

The success of Mr. Lord's work is undoubtedly due to the fact that the designs for his architectural embellishments were connected with recognized basal architectural forms, carried out with appropriate ornament; for, as Charles Lamb founded his design for the Dewey Arch upon the Arch of Titus, so Mr. Lord chose a regular Corinthian model for the Court-House. The building is of New England marble, and there are six Corinthian columns and a pediment on Twenty-fifth Street, four columns and four pilasters on Madison Avenue, the main building being comparatively simple, with an attic supporting the sculptures, which consist of two main groups, "Peace" and "Justice," and a row of figures representing the lawgivers of different races.

If we could strip our city buildings of their metal copings and replace them with figures like these, how changed would the sky-lines become! For in looking up at these imposing statues the sky, by contrast, seems to take on the intense blue of the Italian sky, and almost we find Nature and Art in sympathy—a condition of things rarely attained in a large city.

Mr. Ruckstuhl, the sculptor of the group of "The Army" on the Dewey Arch, was in charge of the sculptural adjuncts for the Court-House. The figures of "Force" and "Wisdom" which flank the entrance were modeled by him.

They seem to be overcharged with detail; but in view of the fact that they are placed nearer the spectator than the other statues, this may not be objectionable. He makes "Force" the incarnation of the military force of the Nation, ready to answer the call of "Wisdom," but slightly drawing his sword toward himself to suggest the supremacy of the civil power. "We must not use force till just laws are defied" is cut on the plinth. The head of "Force" is a composite of Grant, Miles, and Admiral Bunce. "Wisdom" points to the text, supposed to be in the Book of Wisdom—"Every law not based on wisdom is a menace to the State." Mr. Ruckstuhl further explains the motives of his statues as follows: "Wisdom and force alone produce the triumph of law—the prevalence of justice, the prevalence of peace, and finally the fruits of peace. Hence 'Wisdom' and 'Force' are at the foundation of the Court-House." From

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"MANU," BY AUGUSTUS LUKEMAN

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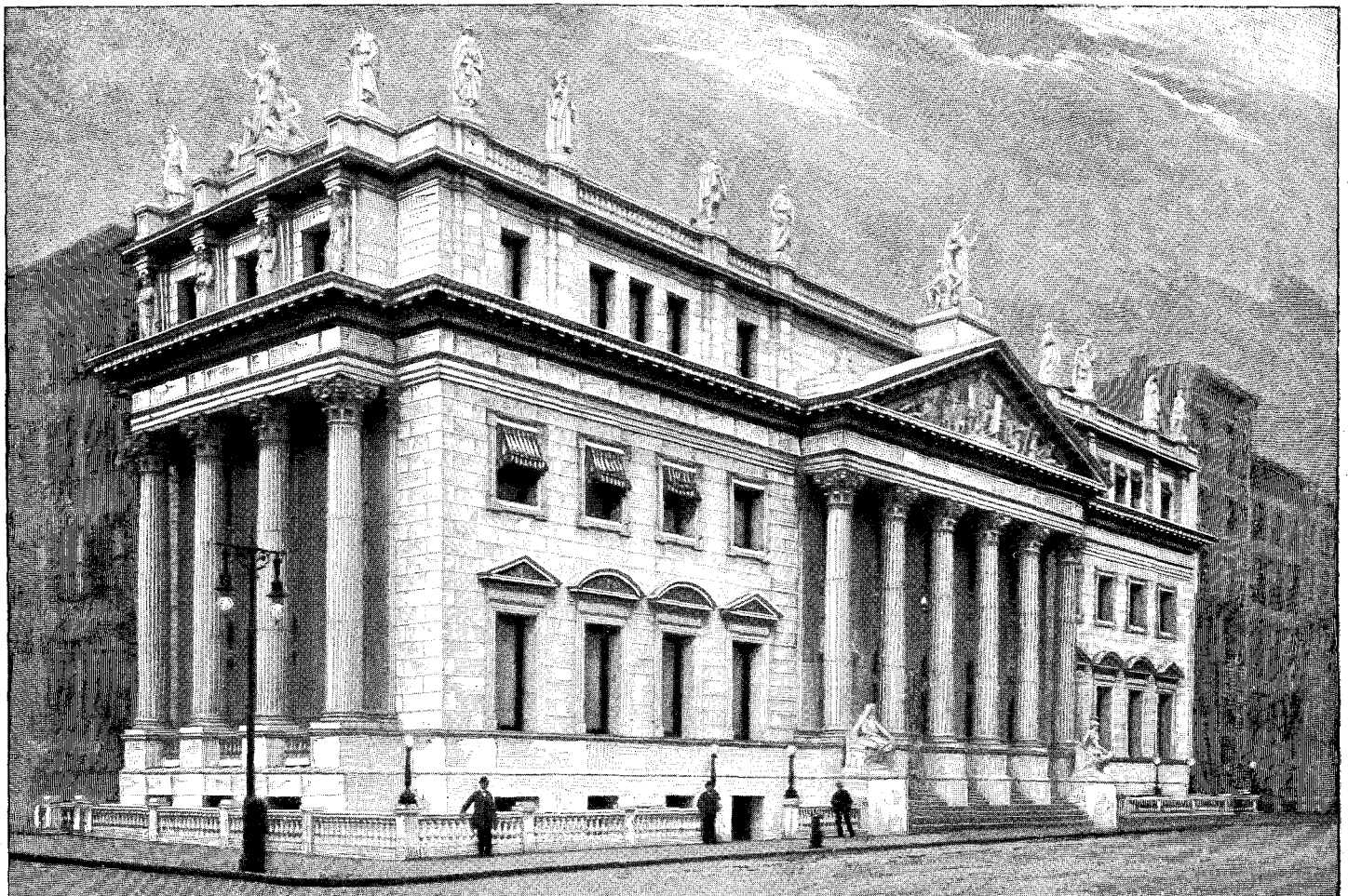

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THE NEW YORK APPELLATE COURT HOUSE

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these two columns the mind is led up to a tympanum containing an allegory of the "Triumph of Law;" this is crowned by a group of "Justice." A similar group of "Peace" is placed on the east end.

Daniel Chester French is the sculptor of this group of "Justice;" it is worthy to be reckoned as equal to his "Peace" on the Dewey Arch, the statue of "Liberty" at the World's Fair, "Washington" at the Paris Exposition, and "Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor" in Boston. Justice itself is not perhaps so nicely balanced as the Columbian goddess, for she holds in each hand a torch level with her head, making the pose slightly archaic, and her face, looking down, has neither the definite strength of the "Liberty" nor the sweetness of "Peace" on the Arch. But the figure is truly monumental, and the perpendicular sides of the plinth on which she stands, together with the upright torches, by their vertical lines bring the group very properly into a unison with the severe architectural forms of the building. This quality, which some of the more flamboyant statues on the building lack, is completed by the two male figures in entire repose at her feet, one reading a book of law, the other resting content as it were in his strength, and both modeled with muscular fullness. They form the base of a triangle of which "Justice's" head is the apex, and which, though in no way too obvious, is easily discernible by the expert; the whole composing a mass that has been tried and found acceptable since the days of perfect Grecian art. Mr. French has recently returned from Europe, where he saw to the erection of his "Washington," one of the features of the Paris Exposition. He is busy at present on several commissions, among them six figures for the State Court-House at St. Paul, Minnesota, and new doors for the Congressional Library.

Upon the attic of the Twenty-fifth Street front stand eight statues; several of them are by sculptors who have done previous work on the Dewey Arch, "Mohammed," by Charles A. Lopez (who made the group of "The East Indies," north of the Arch), being that nearest the west. The Moslem prophet wears Oriental robes and holds a large scimitar. Viewed from every side, no disturbing masses mar the repose of this calm figure. Following it comes E. C. Potter's "Zoroaster," and the great occult is somewhat more animated than the other figures. His gesticulating right hand hides his face from the Madison Avenue spectators, but from the extreme east he appears dramatic.

In "Alfred the Great," J. S. Hartley (who modeled the figures of Commodore Perry on the Arch) has conceived the father of English education as a stalwart Saxon, bearded, long-haired, a crown on his head, a long cloak flowing from his shoulders, holding a sword against his breast, and a book, presumably of his Anglo-Saxon translations, in his left hand. This is dignified and carefully finished in detail.

"Lycurgus," by George E. Bissell, is next; the Spartan seems to support too heavy draperies in the upper part, though the lines of the toga are good. In his right hand he holds a scroll; his left hand grasps his toga as an orator to-day grasps the lapel of his coat while addressing an audience.

Then, to the right, east of French's group, stands the classical figure, again in a toga, of "Solon," the Grecian father of jurisprudence, by Herbert Adams, whose figure of "Victory" from the Congressional Library was repeated at the foot of the masts north and south of the Arch.

Then follows "Louis IX.," by John Donoghue. Louis IX. is justly selected to represent the Gauls, as virtually the founder of French law; he was the first to introduce a code into France. Mr. Donoghue's figure is perhaps less picturesque than might be expected in these days when the great Rodin is showing us how tremendously powerful and monumental character-sculpture may be. Its action is more violent than that of the others; the left hand seems unnecessarily extended; the right hand holds a scroll with conspicuous volutes, and the drapery falls heavily from the shoulders.

Augustus Lukeman (designer of "Cushing" on the Dewey Arch), in his "Manu," has availed himself of the modern note, as the work seems almost painted in marble, *à la* Sargent, and has given us a hooded figure like that painter's "Hosea" in the Boston Public Library. No doubt we would invite criticism for inconsistency should we, just after mentioning Rodin, say that this statue is

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a trifle too modern; not because Mr. Lukeman has taken up a modern note and rung variations on it, but because he has over-emphasized the drapery rather than the character. We hazard the guess that, since few who see the building know who Manu was, and since on that account strong abstract characterization would have been as acceptable to them as feigned portraiture, Mr. Lukeman had a fine opportunity to create a credible abstract; perhaps he did indeed intend, in hiding the figure and almost hiding the face in the shadow of the hood, to convey rather the personification of mystery, as his law-giver is the only one of the ten who is purely legendary. The statue depends for its effect, more than do the other figures, upon the time of day that it is lighted; much of the time the face is in shadow, but in the afternoon the sun, striking the features, brings them out in a picturesque aspect. And since the use of shadow in architectural sculpture is something of which the possibilities are hardly known in this country, Lukeman has at least made a successful experiment therein —an experiment which may serve as a text for other sculptors to work upon.

It must be borne in mind that, although Mr. Lord has more than once in the press and in speeches emphasized the value of an architect's being able to select his sculptors, and this building is probably far more successful for that reason than it would be had these sculptors been assigned their subjects by competition, yet it is still a problem to be solved, in this country, as to whether a number of sculptors can, without very special effort, produce a perfectly harmonized ensemble. The main difficulty is that the point of view as to treatment frequently differs in the minds of divers artists. Had Mr. Lukeman, for example, designed all the figures on the attic, the figure of "Manu" might have been in perfect keeping with the rest, which also might have been suggestive in treatment. But in contrast to Mr. Hartley's realistic treatment of "Alfred the Great" Mr. Lukeman's "Manu" seems a trifle out of key.

The last figure is that of "Justinian," by H. K. Bush-Brown. Pediment groups by M. M. Schwartzott are above the windows of the entranceway; they are rather small in treatment, and represent "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night."

A tympanum group, "The Triumph of Law," by Charles Niehaus (who modeled the group on the Dewey Arch entitled "The Return"), surmounts the six columns of the Twenty-fifth Street portico. It is full of symbolism; here are the tablets of the law, a crescent moon, a ram, Father Time with his scythe, an owl, tablets of the law, etc., etc.

At the Madison Avenue end of the building four caryatides by Thomas Shields Clark, representing the four seasons, support the cornice. They could, perhaps, have more severity of line and thus be more fully supporting elements, but they have much beauty in detail and proper repose.

Above them the group "Peace," by Carl Bitter, surmounts the cornice over the Madison Avenue end. The goddess's arms are lifted and she holds up an olive branch supporting a cornucopia; below her, at her right, is a seated woman's figure, almost nude, holding a fasces; but this figure is a trifle disturbing, seeming almost about to rise, and the imminence of such action in a cornice figure of course arouses in the spectator a fear that it may fall. The arms of the figure "Peace" are bent at an ugly angle, and its drapery is not pleasingly disposed; the pose of the seated man is alert and may be seen well from the sidewalk, and, like Mr. French's men, the figure is well modeled.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bitter modeled the dramatic group of Uncle Sam's marine gunners in the thick of the fight representing "The Combat" on the Dewey Arch, and we are prone to think that Mr. Bitter will in the future distinguish himself as the sculptor of the nude male figure.

To the left (north) of this group is the figure of "Confucius," by Philip Martiny (author of "The Call to Arms" on the Arch). It is perhaps a conventional Chinaman rather than a great conception of the philosopher, but the hands are expressive and the folds of the embroidered robes are finely modeled. Martiny is a pupil of St. Gaudens, and is now at work on a monument to the late Garret A. Hobart, for Paterson, New Jersey.

To the left is the figure of "Moses," by William Couper (author of the panel

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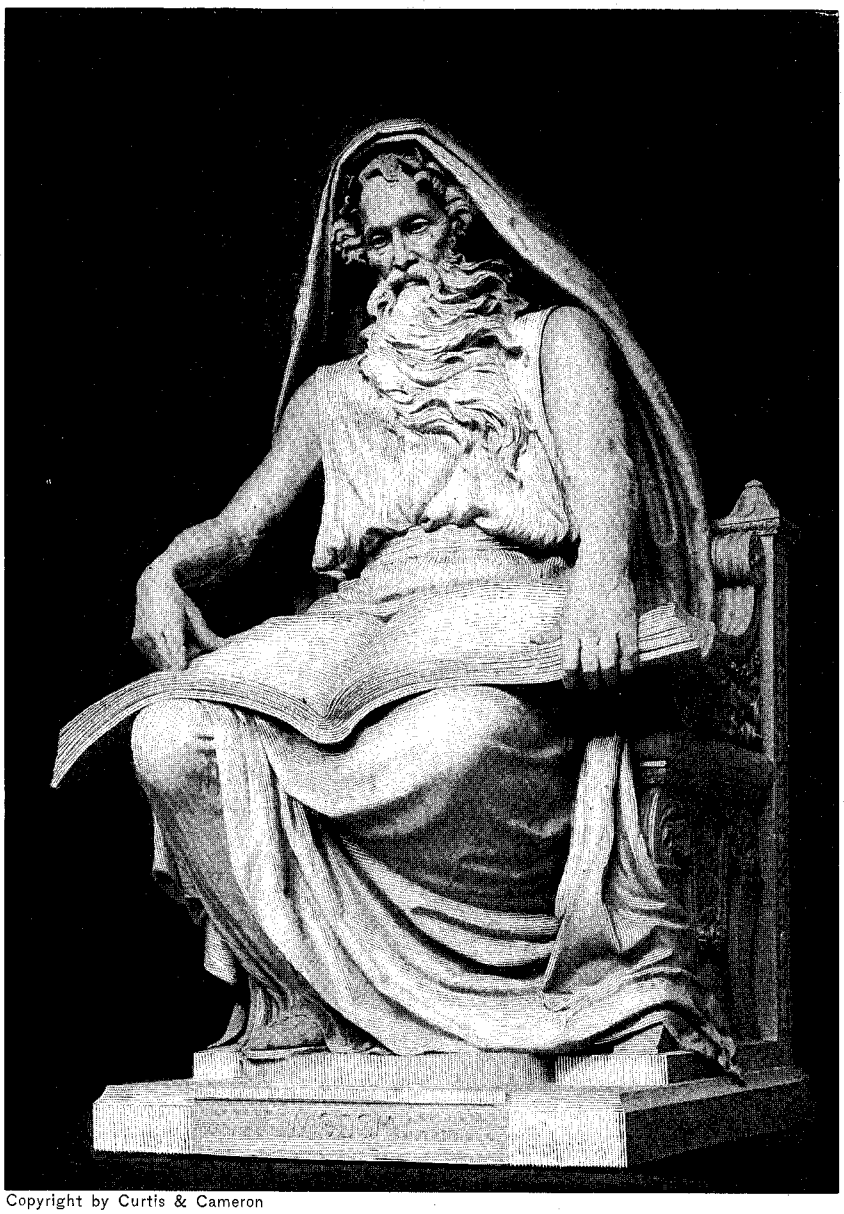

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"WISDOM," BY W. RUCKSTUHL

"Protection of our Country" on the Arch), a gentleman more debonair than Michelangelo's creation, but wearing the same dressing-gown and having an unmistakable Angelo wrist.

Opposite the doorway, on entering the building, we see a narrow frieze painted in flat masses of primary greens, yellows, and blues in the Pompeian manner. It is "The Law of Nations," by H. Siddons Mowbray, and shows his high craftsmanship. With peculiar chronology, it begins with "Mosaic Law;" then follows "Egyptian," "Greek," and "Roman," "Law of the Abstract," "Byzantian," "Norman," and "Common" law. Connecting the different periods is a purely decorative winged female figure carrying part of a scroll which meanders through the successive panels. Perhaps the decoration is stiff and flat, and the more animated groups of Robert Reid ("Peace," "Justice," and "Prosperity") and of W. L. Metcalf ("Justice" and "The Punishment of

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Discord") seem, at a casual glance, more interesting, but in reality they have the character of large easel paintings, while Mr. Mowbray's painting is essentially a mural decoration. On the southern wall are two figures of "Justice" and "Law" by C. Y. Turner, well known by his mural decorations in the Waldorf-Astoria and Manhattan Hotels.

Lighting the court-room we find a round dome of white and amber glass, designed, with the side windows, by Maitland Armstrong. Three large panels face the judges' dais, and behind it is a frieze by Kenyon Cox, connected with these panels by sixteen upright small frieze panels by Joseph Lauber, typifying the attributes of Righteous Judgment, Truth, Perspicuity, etc., and two long panels by George W. Maynard, representing the seals of the State and city of New York. The last, we understand, were hastily executed, this artist not having been called in till the last minute; they are, indeed, less decorative than Mr. Maynard's figures in the Waldorf café, but they have color quality sufficient to connect them satisfactorily wirh the other decorations. Mr. Lauber's figures are in some places pretty and graceful, if not strong nor particularly mural.

They represent "The Attributes of the Law." On the north wall, left, and adjoining the frieze by Kenyon Cox, is "Moderation;" then, in regular order to the right, follow "Veneration," "Perspicuity," "Eloquence," "Reticence," "Research," "Unity," and "Fortitude." On the south wall, "Justice," "Truth," "Philosophy," "Courage," "Patriotism," "Logic," "Knowledge," and "Prudence." Four end panels represent the "Four Cardinal Virtues;" "Moderation" or "Temperance" holding up the restraining bridle and curb-bit as a symbol; "Fortitude," a young man, one arm resting upon the hilt of a sword entwined with oak, the other resting on two volumes, the uppermost being inscribed "Lex Suprema," the lower "Lex Civitatis," signifying readiness to defend the Supreme Law of the country as well as the Laws of the Locality. "Justice" is represented by a female figure upholding, instead of the traditional scales, a tablet with the inscription "Diligite Justitiam qui Judicatis Erram" (Pay diligent love to Justice, ye who adjudicate the affairs of this earth). "Prudence" is in an attitude of admonition, holding in one hand a compass as a symbol of exactness and measure. "Truth" is represented in the traditional way, holding up the mirror to nature. "Philosophy" is a man of advanced years, a scroll across his knee, contemplating a skull held in one hand, while in the other he holds a sprig of apple-blossom, the flower which precedes the fruit; the idea being to represent Philosophy as concerned with the entire question of existence. "Logic" was considered worthy of a place along with "Philosophy," which was meant to embrace all its subdivisions as framed by Aristotle. "Courage" is the young David, with stone and sling; "Patriotism," a boy holding the shield and sword of his protector; "Knowledge," a female figure bearing the lighted torch and a tablet with the inscription "Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ" (The torch of the mind is the flame of glory). "Veneration of the Law" is a young Roman bearing the tablet "Lex" and firmly grasping a sword in its defense; "Perspicuity," a female figure upholding and gazing through a transparent sphere; "Eloquence," in the act of pleading, document in hand; "Reticence" in a firm posture drawing a veil across his mouth; "Research" is a female figure studying several tomes; "Unity," a youth holding two swords together by the blades, the blades *not* crossed—also supporting a bundle of staves.

"Statute Law," "Plenty Rewarding Industry," and "Peace and Commerce" are by Kenyon Cox. His firm draughtsmanship, the graceful lines in the drapery, a thoughtfully wrought out composition with striking symbolism, indicate a master workman. When he introduces a laurel wreath, a cornucopia, an hour-glass, a fasces, a plumet, caduceus, oak-branch, and an oar, he paints these symbols without going to that extreme of flatness which suggests the oilcloth pattern, or, on the other hand, to that realism which belongs to the easel picture.

Edwin H. Blashfield shows his familiarity with the Renaissance detail in his large panel—the right-hand one of the three facing the judges' dais. No familiar modernity of type is discordant with

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"PHILOSOPHY," BY JOSEPH LAUBER

its poetic conception. The central figure, "Justice," white-robed, of the Mary Anderson type, with rich chestnut hair, deep-set eyes, clear-cut nose and mouth, square jaw, and slender throat, drawing her sword from the scabbard, stands as though pronouncing judgment. A supplicant woman clad in green ("Appeal") kneels, her back to the spectators, before Justice. Lawyers, bewigged and gowned (one Alexander-Hamilton-like in aspect), stand on either side of her, while two floating figures in diaphanous drapery of green and rose color are crowning her.

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The lawyers wear black gowns, which the red seals, pendent from the record books they hold, relieve. With these simple colors in the main figures of the group, the artist uses color lavishly in the green toga of the Roman, the bishop's ("Canonical Law") purple robe and crooked staff, and in the long-haired Anglo-Saxon's ("Common Law") brocade, which is richly figured. Two nude children in the foreground hold escutcheons entwined with streamers bearing the legend "Uphold the right, prevent the wrong."

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"CONFUCIUS," BY PHILIP MARTINY

The left-hand panel is E. H. Simmons's "Justice of the Law"—"Justice," erect and alert, with her arms about the shoulders of "Peace" and "Plenty." "Plenty" holds fruit, and to her right are a workman and his wife with her baby in her arms, and at her feet is a young child playing with a rabbit (the animal with its pink eyes particularly well painted) and a fox. A spray of lilies lies at the feet of "Peace," whose gaze is riveted on a male figure typical of "Discord," held back by "Fear." Two boys in the foreground support a shield and a fasces; wingless cherubs, holding books of law, and one holding a pair of scales as well, and encircled with ribbons which give them a buoyant effect, hover over "Justice." The fully patterned draperies of "Peace" and "Plenty" have given Mr. Simmons a chance to display some brilliant brush work; this panel is perhaps technically the best painting in the room. Its russet-tinctured tones are in perfect tune with the parti-colored marble of the walls, and there is that uncertainty about the pattern that asserts itself and then is lost in a modeling shadow, which belongs to the best kind of easel picture, and yet realism of texture of the stuff is not carried so far that the canvas ceases to be mural. In the faces there is much thought displayed; the expression of "Peace" is one of calm reliance, and the general pose of her head is quite monumental. It is a head that might be selected for its intrinsic beauty, and published as a fragment. The head of "Justice" is well poised, but the arrangement of the hair, suggestive of the Zaza rôle, is perhaps a trifle too modern.

"Justice" stands, as in the panels, in the middle of Mr. Walker's central panel, but instead of the floating figures above we see the inscription painted in gold on a yellow ground, "Doth Wisdom not cry, and Under-

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"MODERATION," BY JOSEPH LAUBER

standing put forth her voice? By me princes rule and nobles, even all the judges of the earth." "Justice" has her mouth slightly open, as if uttering the words of the text. To indicate that love is concomitant with "Justice," a figure of Eros steps before her with his hand extended in charming concord with hers. On the right of an old man, two youths and two women look hopefully toward "Justice;" but on the left a seated figure droops his head in despondency while a pinioned figure touches him with a message of hope. The pink, white, and lilac draperies are more pronounced than in the other panels, and there is just the slightest feeling that they are unnecessarily simple. If they were used in a small easel picture, they would be quite adequate, but in their large canvas we think that they would bear more amplification. Howbeit, in itself the color is charming, and the face of "Justice" and the figure of "Eros" alone warrant the canvas's existence.

The judges' dais is of dark carved oak. The ceilings of both the court-room and

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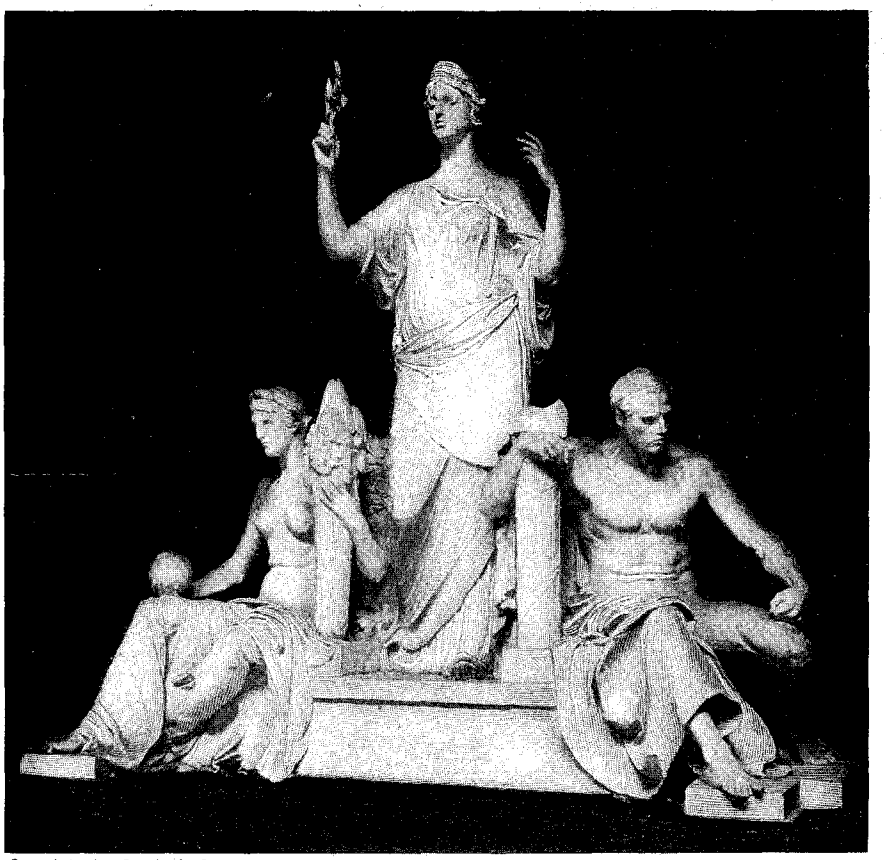
the entrance hall, heavy in gold, applied on an under-painting of red, promising to retain their brilliancy for generations to come, are in perfect harmony with the dark saffron siena marble, with which all the walls are veneered.

The decorators have been mindful of the warm tints in the side walls. Mr. Cox has been lavish of yellow and Mr. Reid has introduced in the draperies of "Peace" and "Plenty" a mottled pattern of purple and ochre.



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"PEACE," GROUP BY CARL BITTER

A speaker at the Architectural League once said that a rival asserted that another architect had obtained the commission to build a certain prominent building solely because of his having introduced into his design a portico with four Ionic pillars; and the lecturer's comment was that so often the difference between a beautiful building and an ugly one is just the difference between a few Ionic pillars or none at all—a truism which students of municipal architecture will do well to bear in mind. We must remember that the Parthenon was not very different from many a Grecian temple save for its figures in its pediment and metopes; that the Erechtheum would be nothing save for its caryatides. And Mr. Lord is to be complimented upon his good taste in building, as it were, a frame for some fine pictures and a pedestal for not a few imposing pieces of sculpture.

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The Political Influence of Queen Victoria

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A Short History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the first constitutional sovereign who ever sat on the English throne. Since the fall of the House of Stuart the sovereigns of England have been supposed to hold power by the will and the choice of their people and not by divine right. None the less, however, did all the Hanoverian monarchs, down to the accession of Queen Victoria, strenuously and stubbornly persist in ruling, or trying to rule, their people on the principle of divine right, just as if they had been Oriental Commanders of the Faithful, or Legitimist Bourbon Kings. William Pitt the younger, who was as much in advance of his age as Fox or Burke on questions of religious freedom, was compelled at last to give a promise that he would never again worry his royal master George the Third with any talk about the political emancipation of the Roman Catholics, because George had already made up his great mind against any project of that sort, and it would put him out of temper and might bring on another attack of madness if his Minister were to approach him with any such proposals. Even in the days of William the Fourth nothing but the serious danger of a popular revolution, in which some of the great nobles at the head of the reform movement might have been compelled to take part with the people against the sovereign, could have prevailed on William to give up his objection to the formation of a really representative Parliament.

King William had no children to succeed him on the throne, and the young Princess Victoria, his niece, had been brought up by her mother with the full knowledge that she was destined to be Queen of England. The young Princess received a thoroughly sound domestic education. She lived under the close and loving guardianship of her mother, and saw but little of the Court society of those days—a society, indeed, which was hardly suited to develop the purer and nobler qualities of a girl. When the Princess Victoria came to the throne, she was still only a girl between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and she at once won the praise and the admiration of the experienced statesmen surrounding her by the quiet dignity and composure of her demeanor. She seems to have set herself to work at once at the study of all that belongs to the business of a constitutional sovereign; and a constitutional sovereign she has been from first to last. Queen Victoria's own journals and published letters give us a very full account of her earlier days as a Queen, a wife, and a mother, and such books as Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Late Prince Consort" enable us to have a very intimate knowledge of her feelings, her judgments, and her convictions on many of the most important questions of state policy submitted for her decision.

Now, when I say that Queen Victoria has been a thoroughly constitutional sovereign, I do not mean to convey, in the least degree, the idea that she made up her mind to be simply the figurehead of the State, and allowed the ship to be officered and steered by her Ministers. It would be a complete misconception of her purposes and her career to believe that she resigned herself to a merely nominal sovereignty, and did exactly what her Ministers told her, without forming or trying to exercise any judgment of her own. Queen Victoria signs no State document which she has not carefully studied and completely understood, and which she does not regard as entitled to her approval. She takes nothing for granted, and never affixes her name to any State paper on the mere assurance of her Ministers that they have studied the subject and are in a position to tell her what she ought to do. She has to be convinced that the course recommended to her is the right course for her to pursue, before she can be prevailed upon to give it the sanction of her authority. She has a wide and intimate knowledge of all subjects belonging to home and foreign policy, and she is never weary of seeking new sources of information. She discusses every subject with her Ministers, and I have heard many a Radical states-

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QUEEN VICTORIA

Painted from life at Windsor Castle by F. M. Bell Smith.

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man, whom nobody could suspect of any tendency to courtier-like servility, declare that he was quite surprised when he first became a Minister of the Crown to find what an intimate and comprehensive knowledge the Queen had of all public questions, home and foreign, and what a careful investigation she gave to every subject submitted for her judgment. If the duties of the Sovereign are now at last clearly defined in England, and defined in the constitutional sense, that great achievement of England's later history has been in large measure the work of Queen Victoria. The control of public affairs in England is, of course, ultimately in the hands of Parliament. The days are, happily, gone by when a monarch like George the Third could govern in absolute opposition to the advice of his wisest Ministers and in total disregard of the wishes of successive Parliaments. Practically the House of Commons is now the ultimate authority, for it is quite understood that although the House of Lords may obstruct for a time the passing of some useful measure, it has to give in before very long and allow the representative chamber to carry out the will of the people.

Queen Victoria, however, thoroughly understands that it is the right and the duty of the Sovereign to insist on being made acquainted with the object and the nature of every measure which her Government proposes to introduce; to give it her full consideration; to discuss all its points and bearings with her Ministers; and to take care that no such measure shall be introduced without her advice and her approval. A Government always represents one of the great political parties in the State. That is a necessary condition of what we understand as representative and constitutional government. The will of the electoral majority, for the time, is necessarily represented by the statesmen whom that majority has sent into office. But, then, the Queen of England understands that the Sovereign represents the interests of her whole subject population, and that it is the Sovereign's duty to see that no measure shall be introduced by a triumphant majority until it has had the careful consideration and mature judgment of the head of the State. It has been well laid down by Macaulay that the essence of statesmanship is compromise, and Queen Victoria evidently believes that the duty of a constitutional sovereign is to see that, in any particular instance, the principle of compromise be not disregarded, or carried too far. On such questions nothing could be more important and more useful than the advice of one whose position makes her impartial, who has nothing to gain or to lose, even for the moment, by the rise or the fall of a Ministry, and whose duty it is to study always the general interests of the Empire.

I need hardly say that there is no written constitution of England, and we have no Supreme Court in these countries to revise the acts of the Legislature if they should prove injurious to claims and interests recognized and set up by law. We have to take the constitution, therefore, as it develops itself from age to age; and it may be regarded now as a settled constitutional principle that the sovereign must accept the Ministry chosen by the majority of the electoral population. It would be impossible, now, for an English monarch to retain as a Government a set of statesmen who could not command a majority in the House of Commons, as some of the Georges were accustomed to do. From the earliest years of her reign Queen Victoria exercised a will and a judgment of her own. The once famous dispute on the question whether a new Prime Minister had a constitutional right to reconstruct the whole appointments of the Royal household, and in especial the appointment of the Queen's Ladies of the Bedchamber, threatened at one time to become rather an important controversy, and was settled at last by means of a compromise which the Prince Consort suggested. The great Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel was not generally believed to have played a very judicious part in this discussion, and the popular voice approved the spirit which the young Queen had shown in maintaining her right to nominate for herself of her own choice the Court Ladies who were to be in attendance on her. Some more recent differences of opinion between Queen Victoria and certain of her Ministers have also become matters of history; and the publication of the Prince Consort's life by Sir Theodore Martin, to which I have already referred, has given to the world many interesting

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letters which throw a light on important chapters of political and personal history.

In 1851 England was thrown into wild commotion by the news that the Pope had created a number of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in England with titles taken from the actual places where their spiritual jurisdiction was to be exercised. Readers who belong to the present generation, and more especially American readers, must find it hard now to understand what all the excitement was about. There was nothing new in the fact that the Pope appointed bishops and archbishops of his own faith to take charge of the spiritual interests of Catholics in England. The novelty consisted in the Pope conferring on these prelates titles taken from the dioceses in which they resided. Up to that time Catholic prelates in England exercised their functions according as they were directed to do by the Vatican, but they were always called by titles taken from some foreign region over which the sovereign of England had no jurisdiction. The Bishop of Southwark, let us say, called himself the Bishop of Mesopotamia, and the most zealous Protestant did not feel the least alarm. Now, however, the Catholic Bishop of Southwark was to be called Bishop of Southwark and not of Mesopotamia, and thereupon all the Protestant fanaticism of the country rose in tumultuous agitation, and declared that this Papal aggression must be resented and repelled if England was not to become a vassal State of the Pope. The Government of the day felt that something must be done to pacify the popular excitement, and accordingly the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced and carried through Parliament, decreeing heavy penalties to any Catholic prelate who dared to declare himself Prelate of any part of England. He might set up in England as Prelate, he might perform all the functions of Prelate, he might rule and discipline his flock as Prelate in any way he pleased, but the moment he called himself Prelate of Westminster or of Southwark or of Liverpool, he became an offender against the law, and was liable to condign punishment. An odd part of the history was that in Ireland, where, if anywhere, Protestantism might have seemed to be in danger, the Catholic prelates were allowed to take titles from the places in which they lived and exercised their spiritual functions, and no one ever thought of interfering with them.

The Queen did all she could to dissuade her Ministers from encouraging the popular clamor in England, and from introducing legislation which was merely intended to appease it at the moment. Her letters, since published, in which she deplores the wild outcry raised against the Roman Catholics of England, and speaks of the regard and affection she felt for many of her Roman Catholic subjects, and the loyalty and love which they always showed for her, are models of good feeling and good taste. Lord Palmerston, who was a member of the Administration, shared the Queen's views personally, and in some of his letters merely excused the introduction of the bill on the ground that something had to be done in consequence of the state of public feeling, and that the Government merely wanted to carry some measure which should do as little harm as possible.

The measure was carried, as I have said, and the public excitement soon died away. Other subjects of more practical interest came up, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was soon utterly forgotten. No attempt was ever made to put it into force, and the Catholic prelates went on making use of the titles which the Pope had given to them, without the slightest interference on the part of any of the constituted authorities. Many years after, during one of Mr. Gladstone's administrations, the act was quietly repealed without an expression of a wish on the part of any one that it should be retained on the statute-book.

Not long after the passing of this absurd measure the Queen had frequent reason to complain of the arbitrary course taken by one of her Ministers—no less a person than Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston was Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Government of which Lord John Russell was the head, and Lord Palmerston was perfectly convinced in his own mind that he knew more about foreign affairs, and was better able to judge of England's interest in them, than all the other members of the Cabinet, and indeed all the other members of the legislative Houses put together. He was in the habit of direct-

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ing the movements of England's foreign Embassies and Legations by despatches of his own, which he sent off without consulting the Prime Minister. When Lord Palmerston acted without consulting the Prime Minister, he also acted without consulting the Queen, and it sometimes happened that the course taken by him required, for its completion, the interchange of State agreements, the agreement on the part of England needing for its validity the signature of the Queen. It happened, therefore, now and then that Queen Victoria found herself suddenly called upon to affix her signature to a paper embodying a policy absolutely new to her and about which she had never been consulted. The Queen made up her mind, at the very outset, that she was not going to stand this sort of thing, and she remonstrated with Lord John Russell, who in his turn remonstrated with Lord Palmerston. The whole correspondence is not only most interesting but is also highly amusing. Lord Palmerston is told again and again by Lord John Russell that her Majesty wishes to be informed of every step proposed to be taken by the Government in foreign affairs before England is committed to any policy in the matter, and that she objects to having any document brought to her for signature about which she has not already been fully consulted. Lord Palmerston always replied by expressing his genial contrition for having seemed to fail in his duty, and his determination not to commit any such error in the future.

Lord Palmerston was one of the most good-humored, self-satisfied, and jaunty of mortals, and he had in him, even to the very close of his long life, a curious blending of the statesman and the school-boy. He took his rebukes and made his promises, and complacently went his own way just as before. It was hard to get at him, because even when he did not commit his sovereign and himself to some definite policy by a written document, he was always indulging in communications, spoken or written, with British and foreign diplomatists which had the effect of committing the Queen's Government to some course of policy absolutely unsanctioned by the Queen or her Government. At last, however, Lord Palmerston carried his love of independent action rather too far. When Louis Napoleon accomplished his "Coup d'État" and converted himself, by the support of the army, into the absolute dictator of France, the news of this audacious stroke of policy was received in England with almost universal reprobation. Queen Victoria and Lord John Russell were particularly anxious that England should not be committed, in the slightest degree, to any semblance of approval of Louis Napoleon's action; they held that while France, of course, must be left to manage her domestic affairs in her own way, the neutrality of England should not be a neutrality friendly to the military usurpation. But when Lord John Russell directed that a despatch to this effect should be sent to the British Ambassador in Paris, he received in return the astounding information that Lord Palmerston had already conveyed to the French Ambassador in London his entire approval of the course taken by Louis Napoleon. This was too much for the Queen. Lord Palmerston had previously endeavored to justify the occasional precipitancy of his action by arguing that there was sometimes a crisis when there was no time for deliberate consultation, and the Queen had been at the pains to remind him that, whatever other sovereigns might have done, she had never been in the habit of keeping the Foreign Secretary long waiting for her judgment on any subject submitted to her.

In this most recent case, however, no excuse of the kind, even supposing that any such excuse applied, could possibly be found for Lord Palmerston's communicating to the French Ambassador a statement absolutely opposed to the opinions held by the Sovereign, the Prime Minister, and the great majority of the English people. The Queen exerted her authority once for all. She directed Lord John Russell to write a letter to Lord Palmerston informing him that he could no longer act as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Palmerston, in point of fact, was dismissed from his office; and that is, I believe, the only instance during the present reign of a leading Minister having been removed from his position by the direct intervention of the Sovereign.

Lord Palmerston of course soon recovered his ground. He was far too able and popular a man to be kept out of the

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front rank by any estrangement which might come between him and the monarch, and he was very soon in a position to take an important part in a Parliamentary struggle which led to the overthrow of Lord John Russell's Government. It is only just to say that the national conscience of England thoroughly approved of the course which had been taken by the Queen. Lord Palmerston had had his warnings. He had been cautioned over and over again that his habit of settling England's foreign policy without consulting the Sovereign or the Sovereign's Prime Minister was absolutely intolerable in a constitutional country, and there was really no choice left to the Queen but to dismiss Lord Palmerston or allow him to set himself up as the dictator of England's foreign policy. This little chapter of history is of peculiar interest from the fact that it illustrates very aptly the place and the functions of the Sovereign in the constitution of the country. Queen Victoria could not refuse to accept the Ministers practically chosen for her by a majority of the House of Commons. She could not even refuse to accept a line of policy pressed upon her by such Ministers, after due and careful consideration. But, all the same, the Sovereign has distinct duties to perform, and one of these duties is to take care, if such an emergency should arise, that a Minister of State shall not commit the country to a course of action entirely his own and unwarranted by the approval of the Sovereign, the Cabinet, and the House of Commons.

Queen Victoria, as I have said, cannot really choose her own Ministers, and has to accept those whom the majority have marked out for the purpose; but she has always believed it her right and her duty to be satisfied, according to her own judgment and conscience, that the advice they offer to her is sound before she gives it the sanction of her authority. When the story of her life comes to be fully written, it will probably be made clear that there were certain occasions when the Queen allowed her own judgment to be overruled by the arguments of Ministers in whom she had great confidence, and that, in some of these instances at least, the judgment of events proved the Queen to have been in the right and the Ministers in the wrong. It is well understood now that the Queen was never entirely in favor of the policy which led to the Crimean war. The whole project of the war was undoubtedly, in the first instance, an enterprise of Louis Napoleon, then Emperor of the French. The new Emperor believed that some brilliant political movement was necessary to dazzle the population of France and to recall the memories of the first Napoleon. It was his especial desire to form an alliance with England, because such an alliance could not fail to give an appearance of stability and of dignity to his new Empire. The supposed ambition of Russia to become the master of Turkish territory seemed to supply a most useful opportunity for arousing the suspicions and the hostility of the English people. Louis Napoleon, therefore, contrived to win over the English Government to his views on this momentous subject, and the result was the alliance against Russia. The Queen and her husband seem, however, to have had little inclination for the alliance, and no great faith in the beneficent effects to come from a campaign against Russia. Some of the most powerful of the Queen's Ministers were strongly in favor of the war, and there can be no doubt that the policy of Russia had for some time been of a nature to give seeming justification for the belief that the crisis would have to come, sooner or later, unless Russia were to be allowed to obtain possession of Constantinople. England soon caught the contagion of the war spirit, and it became evident that no Government could possibly hold office which did not adopt the popular policy. Under these conditions the Queen could not undertake to maintain her own personal judgment against the advice of the statesmen whom the Parliamentary majority had sent her for her guidance, and as a constitutional sovereign she must have felt herself compelled to accept the counsel thus pressed upon her.

It has since come to be well known that the doubts which the Queen entertained as to the wisdom of the war policy have been amply confirmed by subsequent events. The Queen's opinion appears to have been that the spread of Russia's influence, whatever its object might be, was not likely to be materially counteracted by an alliance of England and France for the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire

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in Europe. The result of such a campaign, seeing that it could not be carried out to the bitter end and to another occupation of Moscow, may have seemed more likely to strengthen than to weaken Russia in the estimate of the civilized world, by spreading abroad the belief that England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey together in arms against her would find it no easy work to bring her to submission. The result, as all the world knows now, was exactly what the Sovereign is believed to have foreseen. What the world saw was that England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey entered into an alliance of arms against Russia alone, and that, although Russia was defeated in all great battles on the field, she was able to keep the allied forces at bay during a campaign of nearly two years, and that it was practically only a drawn game at the end. Moreover, the world saw that, after the terms of peace had been settled at the Congress of Paris, and when England and France were both engaged in other troubles, Russia coolly tore up some of the treaties which she found it inconvenient to observe any longer, and neither England nor France stirred a hand to enforce their observance.

There was another occasion, too, when the judgment of the Sovereign was not in accordance with that of her leading Ministers. The Queen and her husband were entirely opposed to the policy of exasperation and insult which was adopted by Lord Palmerston towards the Federal Government at the time of the great Civil War in the American Republic. In this instance there was no question of any definite course of action to be taken by the English Government which the Queen could have refused to sanction by her assent. Lord Palmerston did not invite her Majesty to give her approval to any policy which could have driven the United States into war against England, nor did he even propose to take the course which some of his colleagues would have taken if left to their own way—the course of joining with the Emperor of the French in recognition of the Southern Confederation as an independent State. But the Queen was strongly of opinion that, even though the principles of international law might have required the maintenance of a strict neutrality, yet the attitude of the English Government towards the Northern States ought to be one of friendship and of sympathy. When the dispute arose about the Trent affair, the Queen and her husband exercised all their influence to the end that the controversy on England's side should be kept free from all appearance of passion and vindictiveness. We now know from published letters that the influence of the Queen and the Prince Consort was exerted constantly and consistently for the maintenance of a neutrality which would have shown a sympathetic feeling with the Northern States in their time of trial and would have put no needless difficulties in their way. Unhappily, the troubles here were, at least in some instances, not easily to be dealt with by any advice or any decision coming even from the Sovereign. In the case of the Southern cruisers, all manner of difficulties, local, legal, and physical, were put in the way of England's maintaining a strict neutrality. The Queen could not peremptorily insist that the law officers of the Crown must make up their minds within a definite time on some legal question submitted to them; and while the law officers were studying the authorities and making up their minds as to the right of the Government to interfere with the arming and manning of the Southern cruisers in English ports, the cruisers, fully armed and manned, got out of the English ports and put to sea to carry on the work of destroying the floating commerce of America. The Queen and her husband quite understood the feeling of irritation which events such as these were likely to arouse in the Federal States, and when the Trent controversy arose they were anxious that allowance should be made for those feelings, and that, while the strict principles of international law must be enforced, there should be no bluster and no insult in the terms of England's demand. The Prince Consort died while the controversy was still at its height, and Dr. Draper, the American historian, has paid a high and well-deserved tribute to the services which the Prince had rendered up to the hour of his death to the cause of international amity—the cause of peace and good will between the people of Great Britain and Ireland, and those who truly represented the great American Republic.

One of the most recent important acts

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of the Queen's reign was the visit which she paid to Ireland a short time ago. I believe there can be no doubt that the idea of paying such a visit at such a time was entirely Queen Victoria's own, and that it was not suggested by any of her Ministers. Indeed, I believe it was discouraged by the Ministers when the Queen first made it known to them. Queen Victoria, however, had formed the project deliberately, and she held to it. Some alarm was expressed in England, at the time, with regard to the reception which the population of Ireland, outside the official classes, might be disposed to give just then to a visit from the Sovereign. The sympathies of the Irish people generally went with the two South African Republics in the resolute resistance which they offered to the policy of conquest started by the Conservative Government. At such a crisis it was feared that popular passion might run so high in Ireland as to overflow the bounds of decorum here and there, and that her Majesty's appearance in some of the most populous parts of Dublin might be greeted with hostile demonstrations. Nothing of the kind took place. The Queen, wherever she showed herself, was received with perfect respect, even where no exuberance of loyalty made itself manifest in tumultuous expressions of welcome. Those who knew Ireland felt perfectly satisfied that no unbecoming demonstrations would greet the aged Sovereign in any part of the country. But it was natural enough that those who did not fully appreciate the sentiment of chivalry which lives in the breast of every Irish peasant should have feared that the Queen was committing an act of rashness when she thus intrusted herself to the care of the Irish people. All the possible or conceivable dangers were pointed out to the Queen and impressed upon her, but no such representations could induce her to abandon her purpose, and her visit to Ireland was, even from the courtier's point of view, a decided success. Then there was a sudden revulsion of feeling in England, and for a while the shamrock became the most popular emblem in the streets of London.

Now, I have not the slightest inclination to overrate the practical results of the Royal visit. The Irish people, without exception, thoroughly understood that the Queen had a kindly purpose, and only a kindly purpose, in her visit to Ireland, and nothing could have been further from their intentions than to greet her with any demonstrations of hostile sentiment, or even to make her feel that her presence was *not* welcome among them. The large number of Englishmen, however, who believed for a time that the national aspirations of Ireland could be charmed away by a Royal visit must have known little about the strength of that national aspiration which the Irish people have been cherishing and expressing at all times of their history. The demand for Home Rule will go on just the same after the Queen's late visit as it was going on before. The results of the late general election in Ireland have made this manifest by figures of arithmetic. None the less I think every Irishman must feel grateful to the Queen for the kindly impulse which dictated her visit to his country, and all the more when it became clearly known that the act was one of her own inspiration altogether, and was accomplished in spite of much solemn advice to the contrary.

I only allude to this little episode in recent history because it is another illustration of the fact that the Queen has over and over again shown a distinct judgment and will of her own, and has never accepted the idea that her sole duty as a Sovereign was to do just what her Ministers told her and nothing else. I have heard many anecdotes told about the manner in which the Queen has contrived, by a single pointed remark or question, to throw a disturbing doubt on the wisdom of some minor act or policy suggested for her approval. One anecdote of the kind which I heard not long since had relation to the proposed appointment of a certain rising public man to a very high post in a distant part of the Empire. The Queen, it is said, listened to the suggestion at first with a wondering and even a puzzled smile, and at last was unable to control a genuine outbreak of laughter.

I shall not venture to say what may have ultimately come of the proposition, but I can fearlessly affirm that a large proportion of her Majesty's subjects in this country would have shared her mirth at the time could they have known of the

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proposal which gave occasion for it. Everybody in England knows what a wholesome influence Queen Victoria always exercised over the life and the ways of society before she devoted herself to an existence of almost entire seclusion. The influence she exercised was thoroughly healthy and genial, and had nothing austere or puritanical in it. She was a constant visitor to the theater and the opera, a lover of music and painting and art of every kind, and many a young painter, sculptor, or author found his first efforts encouraged by a message of approval from Queen Victoria. But the very fact that she was known to be a lover of fine music and good acting and clever books only made the effect of her influence all the more healthful and all the more powerful when she refused to encourage performances or works of art or social habits which might have an injurious effect on the public taste or the public morals. Much might be said of the Queen's influence in that way over the social life of her people while she yet mingled in society, but my object in this article has been to deal rather with the influence which she has exercised over politics—an influence which she has not ceased to exercise up to the present time. Perhaps it is hardly necessary for me to say that, when I speak of politics in this instance, I am not speaking of party politics, and am not suggesting that the Queen has ever allowed her name to be mixed up in the controversies between Whigs and Tories, Radicals and Conservatives.

It has often been said that the Queen had a personal liking for this Prime Minister and a personal disinclination for the manners of that other Prime Minister. One statesman was said, by gossiping report, to have been rather too argumentative and dogmatic for the Queen, and another to be too subservient and anxious to please. A certain Liberal Minister was believed to have won favorable notice from her Majesty when he first received office because he could speak German perfectly well, and a rising Conservative statesman was described as having made himself welcome to her by his easy and luminous exposition of complex and difficult subjects. But I, at least, never heard it suggested that the Queen liked or disliked any statesman because he was a Liberal or because he was a Tory. So far as I have ever been able to learn, she has accepted in the best faith every Ministry recommended to her by the existing majority of the House of Commons, and has only made it her task to assist her Ministers to the utmost of her power in carrying on the business of the country during their time of office. I have never heard it alleged, even by the most extreme Radical, that the personal influence of Queen Victoria has been used unfairly in the business of government, or that any effort has been made by her to exclude a rising public man from her councils on the ground that his political opinions were too democratic to suit her ideas of statesmanship. We have seen all sorts of monarchs in Europe, even during the lifetime of the present generation. We have seen sovereigns who wanted to arrange the whole work of government "out of their own heads," as the children say, and we have seen monarchs who cared little how or by whom the political business of the State was carried on so long as their Ministers left them to the enjoyment of life after their own fashion and did not trouble them about wearisome legislation. Queen Victoria has never neglected her duties as head of the State, and she has never tried to make her sovereign will prevail over the authority represented by the House of Commons. A convinced republican is, of course, entitled to object to the rule of a sovereign like Queen Victoria, on the ground that it is the rule of a sovereign. No one who understands and accepts the theory of a constitutional monarchy can deny to Queen Victoria the merit of having, throughout her long reign, given to the world the best living illustration it has yet had of the part which the sovereign ought to play in a constitutional monarchy and a free country.

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Jerry McAuley's Prayer-Meeting

By George Kennan

ON Sunday afternoon of last week (November 25), in the old mission-house on Water Street, in the lower part of New York City, several hundred persons assembled to commemorate, by means of appropriate services, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the founding of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting. As I read in the "Sun" to-day a report of the proceedings, I could not help wondering whether, among the people who thus met to do honor to Jerry and his work, there were any of the men and women who helped him to carry on that work in the early days, and who bade me welcome when, attracted by curiosity, I strolled into that mission-house for the first time, one close, warm evening in the summer of 1876. Does "Happy Charlie" still meet incomers at the door with a face aglow with friendliness, helpfulness, and love, as he once met me, or has he given place to other and later converts? Is the work carried on now with the simpleness, the earnestness, and the absolute sincerity that characterized it then, or have the methods of the workers become ceremonious, formal, and stiffly ecclesiastical, as such methods are apt to become when no longer inspired by an earnest, straightforward, and deeply sincere human soul? I have not had an opportunity to visit the Water Street mission since Jerry McAuley's death; but I still vividly remember the impression that it made upon me when he conducted it, and I am still of opinion that, regarded merely as a psychological and spiritual phenomenon, it was one of the most remarkable things to be seen at that time in the city of New York or in any other city.

As few, if any, of the workers in that mission previous to 1876 had the desire, the ability, or perhaps the time to write a history of its work or a description of its working methods, and as it seems to me a thing that ought to be better known, for its own sake as well as for the sake of the lesson that it teaches, I purpose to write, from notes made at the time and from recollection, a brief sketch of it as it appeared to me in 1876, and as I saw it at short intervals thereafter until I left New York in the fall of 1878.

My point of view at that time, in religious matters, was the viewpoint of a doubter, if not a confirmed skeptic; and I was attracted to the Water Street mission, not by interest in religious or philanthropic work *per se*, but by simple curiosity. I mention this fact merely to show that I was not then in a state, mentally or emotionally, to be carried off my feet by a wave of religious enthusiasm and excitement. I went to the Water Street mission, just as I went to the meetings of the Liberal Club in the old hall on Astor Place, in the capacity of an interested but wholly dispassionate observer of human life.

My first visit to the mission was made at the invitation of an artist friend named Metcalf, who came to my room in the University Building, one warm evening in the summer of 1876, and said: "George, I want you to go with me to-night to Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting."

"Prayer-meeting!" I repeated in surprise; "I don't go to prayer-meetings."

"I know you don't," he replied; "neither do I, as a rule; but this isn't a common prayer-meeting—it's Jerry McAuley's."

As I had never heard of Jerry McAuley, the fact that it was his prayer-meeting meant nothing to me whatever; but, knowing that Metcalf visited a lot of queer places, and occasionally discovered people or things that were worth seeing, I asked, with languid interest: "Who is Jerry McAuley, and how did he come to have a prayer-meeting?"

"He's a thief and river-pirate," said Metcalf, cheerfully, as if this fact were a sufficient recommendation. "Two or three years ago, after he got out of Sing Sing, he was converted, and since then he's been running a prayer-meeting."

"I don't feel much interest in prayer-meetings," I said, "and still less in river-pirates and thieves; but if you say it's worth while, I suppose I'll have to go. Where is the prayer-meeting?"

"Over in Water Street, next door to

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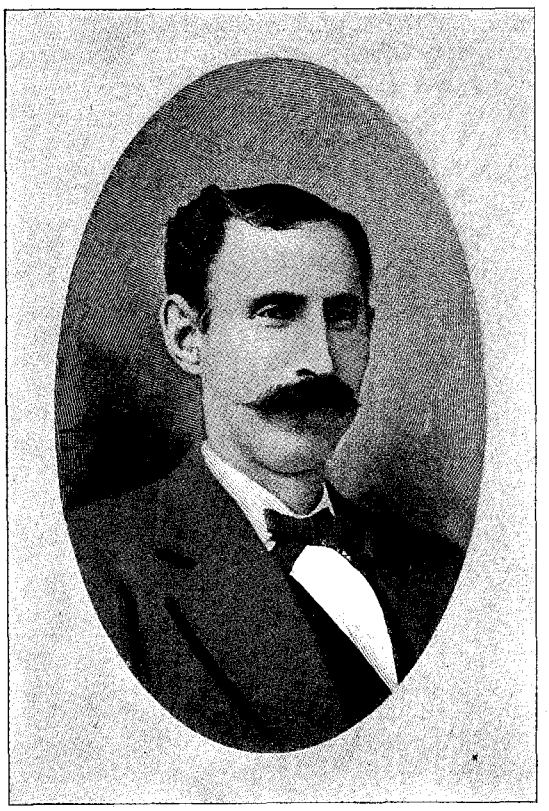
Kit Burns's rat-pit," Metcalf replied, coolly.

"That's a nice, cheerful place to go at night!" I remarked.

"There's nothing the matter with the place," he said. "It's safe enough—women go. Take off your watch-chain and put on an old suit of clothes, and nobody'll pay any attention to you."

"All right!" I replied, "I'll go; but I give you due notice that I don't take any stock in the cheap claptrap of your revival meetings. They work up a lot of excitement, but it doesn't last, and what's the use of it? Character isn't made or changed in that way."



JERRY McAULEY

"Isn't it!" he remarked, dryly. "Perhaps Jerry'll give you some new points on character-changing. Anyhow, if you can stand one of his prayer-meetings, you can stand anything."

Fifteen minutes later we were on our way to the place. It was not yet entirely dark, but the Bowery, into which we turned at Houston Street, was already brilliantly lighted and crowded with people. The concert-halls were all in full blast; the "Volks" and "Atlantic" beer-gardens were rapidly filling up with pleasure-seekers; and here and there, on the street corners, might be heard the peculiar, mournful summer cry of "Ho-o-ot co-o-orn!"

At James Street we left the Bowery and crossed over into Baxter Street, which runs through a densely populated and very low part of the city. Great changes have doubtless taken place in that region since 1876; but at the time when I first made its acquaintance it was one of the filthiest slums on the East Side. The narrow sidewalks were swarming with dirty, half-clad children; long rows of carts and wagons were backed up against the curbstones for the night; knots of evil-looking men, with inflamed faces, stood here and there at the entrances to the high, dirty tenement-houses, poisoning the air with rum-saturated tobacco-smoke; slatternly women, with disheveled hair and dresses open at the breast, leaned out of the curtainless windows, screaming impatient commands and angry threats at the noisy children below; and now and then a drunken man, with a black pipe in his mouth, reeled along the narrow pavement, or a courtesan, in tawdry finery, brushed up against us and leered significantly in our faces. Here and there, in the middle of the street, were great sink-holes filled with black, slimy mud, which exhaled a faint, sickly, corpse-like odor; dirty boxes and barrels, full of ashes, egg-shells, melon-rinds, and decaying garbage of all sorts, blocked up the uneven sidewalks; and occasionally we passed a drinking-saloon, with green screens before the door, out of which came a sickening smell of stale tobacco-smoke, spittle-saturated sawdust, and sour beer. Everywhere were dirt, degradation, misery, and sin.

As we approached the East River, it grew worse rather than better; and when we turned into Water Street, a short distance northeast of the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, we found ourselves in what was then, perhaps, the lowest haunt of vice on Manhattan Island—a foul, neglected

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slum made up of low tenements, "sailors' homes," rum-shops, gambling-hells, panel-houses, and dance-cellars of the worst possible description. Everything was "wide open;" there was an ever-increasing din of cries, oaths, and laughter, mingled with the discordant notes of drums, horns, violins, and frantically turned hurdygurdies; and when we passed Roosevelt Street and approached the scene of Jerry McAuley's labors, we seemed to be entering a perfect pandemonium.

I could not understand, at first, why this particular slum should be so much worse than other slums in point of noise, tumult, and disorder. We saw two fights—or sham fights—in as many minutes; and the scraping, tooting, and banging of musical instruments, in the immediate vicinity of the mission, were at times almost deafening. I subsequently learned from Metcalf that a concerted and organized effort was being made, by the rum-sellers and dance-house keepers of the neighborhood, to break up Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting by overwhelming it with noise, and frightening decent people away from it. But the effort, thus far, had evidently failed; because just after passing Roosevelt Street we heard distinctly, above the blare of horns and boom of drums, the familiar strains of the Moody and Sankey hymn—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus!"

Strange enough seemed the contrast between the plaintive appeal of the sacred melody and the vicious snarl of the strident hurdygurdies—between the words of the Christian hymn and the foul language of the street-walkers around us. "I'll bat ye in the snoot ef ye call me 'Bob'!" shrieked a thirteen-year-old girl from the doorway of a dimly lighted saloon, and then, with a fierce outburst of personal abuse and profanity, she rushed across the narrow street in pursuit of another girl as dirty and ragged as herself. But high above the oaths and cries, the charivari of the discordant instruments, the shuffling of feet in the sailors' dance-houses, and the varied noises of the crowded slum, we could faintly hear twenty or thirty blended voices in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, singing in unison the familiar words:

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Near the intersection of Water Street with some street or lane whose name I cannot now remember, we entered a door which opened directly from the sidewalk, and found ourselves in a large room, or small hall, which would hold perhaps two hundred people. It was plainly furnished with wooden benches, a reading-desk, and a small cabinet organ; its walls bore a few illuminated Bible verses, on cards or in simple frames; and it looked, generally, like the Sunday-school room in a country church.

Just inside the door, Metcalf, who was evidently well known to everybody, introduced me to a blue-eyed, light-haired young man—apparently a German—whom he called "Happy Charlie." What his real name was I never knew, although I met him there afterward three or four times a week. He was one of Jerry's first converts, and "Happy Charlie" was the name by which he seemed to be generally known. He did not appear to me to be a man of much education or culture; but in his face, when at rest, there was a peculiar expression of contentment and serenity, as if he had found the peace that passeth understanding, and was happy because he couldn't help it. I did not then know what shrewd, practical good sense he had, nor what depths of affectionate sympathy and fraternal helpfulness there were in his warm-hearted, thoroughly sincere nature; but I liked his face and I liked his manner; and when Metcalf told me that he was one of Jerry's chief assistants and co-workers, I felt more hopeful of the prayer-meeting.

A moment later, while still standing at the door, I was introduced to Jerry McAuley himself—a tall, rather slender man, about thirty-five years of age, with a pale, smoothly shaven face, a slightly retreating forehead, eyes of uncertain color set a little too near together, a fairly good chin, and a longish, somewhat pointed nose. His personality did not seem to me to be at all prepossessing; and although I am conscious that the above description is neither complete nor accurate, it fairly represents my first impression. The only things about him that I liked were his kindly, steady eyes and his straightforward, simple manner.

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After a moment's conversation, "Happy Charlie" showed us to seats at one side of the room, and while another Moody and Sankey hymn was being sung I looked over the audience. I could see at a glance that it was recruited from the slum. Only four of the men present had the appearance of gentlemen, and two of these were helping Jerry in his work. Scattered here and there about the room were a few men and women whose bright faces and clean apparel indicated recent conversion and recovered self-respect; but even they were denizens of the slum, and had recently come up out of the gutters. The rest of the audience was composed, apparently, of sailors, stevedores, coal-heavers, poor mechanics, drunkards, loafers, tramps, street-walking prostitutes, and plain, simple "bums." A more hopeless and unpromising representation of the "submerged tenth" I had never seen.

At the end of the hymn, one of the four well-dressed gentlemen—a man who looked as if he might be a Wall Street banker—read a chapter from the Gospel of St. John, and made a short prayer. Jerry McAuley then took charge of the meeting, and talked to that audience, for five or ten minutes, very much as one man would talk to another on a serious matter of business, in an office or a bank. His language was simple and not always grammatical; his figures of speech were homely and drawn from every-day experience; his manner was quiet, but animated enough to engage and hold the attention of the most indifferent listener; and he was in dead earnest.

"Why do you come to this prayer-meeting?" he asked that crowd of criminals and outcasts. "Is it to thank God because you're happy? No! You come here because you're wretched and miserable. You know you're living in the gutter, and you know it's your own fault. God didn't put you in the gutter—you went there of your own accord. You gave yourselves up to the service of the devil, and you've got his wages. How do you like 'em? Is he a good paymaster? Are you satisfied? Of course you're not! I know, because I've tried the devil's service myself. I've been a thief—I've been in jail—I've played checkers with my nose on a prison grating, just as some of you have. I've been as low down as any man or woman in this room. I crawled up out of the gutter at last, with God's help, and now I want to get you out. You feel that you're sinners. You feel, deep down in your hearts, that you're low, miserable, and degraded; and I tell you that you'll never feel any better, or be any better, until you stop sinning and come to Christ. Now, if there is any one of you who has manliness enough left to say to me, to this company, and to Almighty God, that he's going to try to stop sinning and live a new life, let him get up and say so."

Before the last words were fairly out of the speaker's mouth, two or three men were on their feet; and then began one of the most extraordinary and thrilling "experience meetings" that I had ever seen. In less than ten minutes I had forgotten who I was, how I came there, what I thought about religion, and what had been my attitude toward prayer-meetings. I forgot all my skepticism; surrendered my judgment; and finally lost all consciousness of myself in the absorbing interest of the proceedings. I had brought along a note-book and pencil, with the intention of getting material for a description of a revival meeting in a Water Street slum; but I forgot all about that, and was surprised, an hour later, to find my note-book lying on the floor at my feet.

It is not easy to describe Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting to people who never saw it, or to account satisfactorily for the extraordinary influence that it had on the hearts and minds of men. The proceedings, so far as outward form is concerned, did not differ essentially from the proceedings in other religious meetings of the kind; that is, there were prayers, exhortations, and brief statements of personal experience. But the essence of the matter was not in the form of the proceedings—it was in the spirit that pervaded them. Every man who took part in that prayer-meeting was stirred with emotion to the very bottom of his heart; and he spoke, not only with frankness, but with the fiercest, most impassioned sincerity. For the first time in my life, I saw human souls naked; and if there be anything more interesting, on this round globe of ours, than the self-revelation of a human being who has forgotten all conventionalities, abandoned all pretenses, and lost all self-consciousness in a fiery, passionate

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impulse to do right and speak the truth, I have yet to discover it.

Thirty or forty men and women, many of them criminals or reclaimed criminals, rose, one after another in quick succession, and either described what that prayer-meeting had done for them, or asked, in voices shaken with sobs, for the sympathy, the help, and the prayers of those who stood a little nearer than they to God. Only one minute was allowed to each speaker; but in that one minute many a wretched outcast managed to set forth, with the most graphic realism, the tragedy of a whole life. It was extraordinary to see how much a man could get into two hundred words when he let everything go except the most significant, telling, and vital facts.

"If you'll only *look* at me," said an elderly man with disheveled iron-gray hair and a refined but worn and dissipated face, "if you'll only *look* at me, you'll see all that I want to tell you. I am a confirmed drunkard. I have lain out all night in the gutter. I have spent for drink all I had in the world. My wife died of a broken heart. I have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. God help me!"

His voice choked with sobs, and for a moment he stopped; but, recovering control of himself, he said: "A week ago last Tuesday night I came to one of these meetings—and since that night not a drop of liquor has passed my lips. Only God and myself know what I've suffered!"

Here he broke out into passionate weeping, like a great child, and in an entreating voice, broken by gasping sobs, exclaimed, "Help me! Pray for me! I'm afraid I can't hold out. I suffer the tortures of the damned without liquor. I will try to be strong—if God will only help me—if—if—"

He could say no more for sobbing; although he still stood there, with an expression of terrible struggle and agonized entreaty on his face.

In an instant "Happy Charlie" was beside him, with one arm around him, and Jerry McAuley, rising at the desk, said quietly: "God *will* help—and *we* will help. Let us first ask the pity and the help of God." Then, in a few simple words, he prayed the Heavenly Father to strengthen and support this weak, tortured man in the fight that he was making for freedom, for manhood, and for righteousness. That was all of the prayer; but it was enough. The confirmed drunkard, still sobbing, sank into his seat, with "Happy Charlie's" arm around him; another man rose; the curtain went up on another human tragedy; and with wet eyes I listened to the cry for help of another drowning soul. It was pitiful, it was painful, at times it was almost unbearable; but it was interesting and absorbing beyond anything that I had ever heard or witnessed.

Maeterlinck, in his "Wisdom and Destiny," says: "There is not an existence about us but at first seems colorless and dreary. What can our souls have in common with that of an elderly spinster, a slow-witted plowman, or a miser who worships his gold? Can any connection exist between such as these and a deep-rooted feeling, a boundless love for humanity, an interest that time cannot stale? But let a Balzac step forward and stand in the midst of them, with his eyes and ears on the watch, and the emotion that lived and died in an old-fashioned country parlor shall as mightily stir our hearts, shall as unerringly find its way to the deepest sources of existence, as the majestic passion that ruled the life of a king and shed its triumphant luster from the dazzling height of a throne."

Before I went to Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, I might have asked, almost in Maeterlinck's words, "What can my soul possibly have in common with the soul of an East River thief, of a confirmed and degraded inebriate, or of an abandoned woman from the slums?" And yet the emotions that lived and died in that Water Street mission more mightily stir my heart, even now, than any royal tragedy ever represented on the stage or recorded in the history of humankind.

About half-past nine Jerry McAuley closed the meeting with a few affectionate words of sympathy and encouragement for those who were beginning a "new life;" and then, standing in our places, we all sang together:

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O thought with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Stopping for a moment to speak to the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray

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hair—just to show him that he had touched my heart and awakened my sympathy—I followed Metcalf out of the room. As we stepped into the street, I became suddenly conscious of the charivari of drums, horns, and hurdygurdies. I suppose it had been in progress throughout the meeting; but I could not remember having noticed it. When we turned into a quieter street, I said to Metcalf: "You have apparently been there a good many times; why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"I don't know," he replied, thoughtfully. "I wasn't quite sure, at first, that you'd be interested in it."

"Interested in it!" I echoed, indignantly. "Who wouldn't be interested in it? It's the most interesting thing I ever saw. A man doesn't have to be a hidebound theologian to appreciate such a prayer-meeting as that. The mere revelation of human character would interest me, even if I didn't believe anything from the roof up."

Metcalf laughed and said: "If you like it, you'll have plenty of chances to see it. It's open every night."

"All right," I replied. "I do like it and I will see it. Do you want to go there again to-morrow night?"

"I don't mind," he said. "I generally go two or three times a week, anyway."

We went the next night, the third night, and many other nights. In fact, during the remainder of that summer I was more often to be found at Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting than anywhere else. Apart from the moral uplifting that it always gave me, I became so interested in certain individuals, and in certain particular cases of sin, suffering, and repentance, that I couldn't stay away. I wanted to know what happened to the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair—whether he fought his way up to self-respecting manhood, or went back into the gutter. I wanted to know what became of half a dozen other men and women, whose inner lives I had seen laid bare, and whose personalities had become profoundly interesting to me. At a single meeting I got only one act in the drama of a particular life, while half a dozen meetings would often give me the whole scenario, or enable me at least to foresee the dénouement.

But Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting was something better and higher than a mere stage for the exhibition of human emotion and human character. It had a personal as well as a dramatic interest, and was a moral training-school for the spectator as well as for the participants. To my great surprise, I soon found that I was linked to those Water Street outcasts by a hundred unsuspected ties. Outwardly, and at a cursory glance, they seemed to be nothing more than average representatives of a debased and degraded social class with whose appearance I had long been perfectly familiar; but psychologically they were to me unturned leaves in the great book of human life; and on some of those leaves I found recorded my own thoughts, my own experiences, and my own deepest emotions.

Of course, to such a prayer-meeting, in such a place, there came all sorts of people. Some, even of the denizens of the slums, were men and women of education who expressed themselves fluently in forcible and idiomatic English. Others were illiterate waifs and strays of half a dozen different nationalities, whose attempts to describe spiritual experience in a language which they had only half learned, or to express religious emotions in the vocabulary of Water Street, would have been irresistibly ludicrous if they had not been so tragically pathetic. When an old German woman, with desperate earnestness, told us in queer broken English how she had kicked her kitchen stove because it wouldn't bake, and then thrown a lighted kerosene lamp at her husband because he laughed at her, or when a Water Street "tough," whose face was wet with tears and convulsed with emotion, tried to describe in graphic but inappropriate slang the awakening of his dormant moral nature, I hardly knew whether I felt more like laughing or crying. Many of the auditors and spectators did both; but in the laughter as well as in the tears there were comprehension, sympathy, boundless pity, and infinite love.

I hope I have not failed to make it clear that the keynote of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting was sincerity—not ordinary sincerity, not a mere formal correspondence of the statement with the fact, but an impassioned outpouring of the whole soul in speech, without conceal-

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ment, evasion, reserve, self-consciousness, or pretense. Unless a man was ready and eager to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he had no business to get on his feet there. And even the truth was not enough—it must be truth white-hot from a flaming heart. Unless you understand and realize this, you can form no adequate conception of that prayer-meeting. The proceedings were never outwardly demonstrative, and there was never any attempt to "work up" the feelings of the unregenerate by revival methods. If a man said what he meant, and meant with all his soul every word that he said, the more quietly he behaved the better; but he *must* feel deeply, and he *must* express his feeling honestly.

One evening, about a fortnight after my first visit to the Water Street mission, two decently dressed young men, who came together and sat together, but who were strangers to both Metcalf and me, rose, one after the other, and spoke. There was nothing to which I could fairly take exception in what they said, and, judged by the conventional, ecclesiastical standard, it might have been regarded as both pertinent and pious. But in that atmosphere it did not ring true; and, turning to Metcalf, I whispered: "That's the first insincere note I've ever heard in this prayer-meeting."

"Hold on a minute!" he replied. "Wait till you hear what Jerry says to them."

When the second of the young men finished narrating his religious experience by declaring, in a sanctimonious way, that he knew he was "washed white in the blood of the Lamb," Jerry rose at his little desk and said quietly: "If you want to get religion and follow Christ, feel honestly and speak the truth. God hates shams."

At once everybody seemed to breathe more freely, as if the rebuke had cleared the whole spiritual atmosphere; and Metcalf, leaning toward me, whispered: "What did I tell you! I knew Jerry'd spot 'em."

"Yes," I replied, "he spotted 'em all right; but what a bombshell that admonition would be in some church prayer-meetings that we know of! It would put a stop to the exercises."

"It won't stop 'em here," Metcalf replied, confidently, "but it'll discourage the make-believes. I tell you, nothing goes in this prayer-meeting unless it's straight." And nothing did.

It was this life-and-death sincerity that made the prayer-meeting what it was, and gave it its hold upon the hearts and consciences of men. A well-remembered Russian friend of mine once wrote a pathetic little story which he called "Two Kinds of Truth." The title may seem to embody a self-evident paradox; but, in the field of religious emotion at least, there really were for me, at that time, two kinds of truth—ordinary, every-day truth, and Jerry-McAuley-prayer-meeting truth. The Water Street mission was the one place in the city of New York where I felt that my feet were on the solid rock of absolute verity and fact.

And I was not the only educated, cultivated man who so felt. More than one prosperous, self-respecting, self-satisfied Christian gentleman from uptown, moved by rumor and attracted by curiosity, strolled casually into that prayer-meeting, watched and listened for an hour or an hour and a half, and then went out of it with a broken spirit and a contrite heart.

One Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1876–7, as I sat in the mission room, watching the people assemble, my attention was attracted by a good-looking, rather portly, fashionably dressed gentleman, about forty-five years of age—evidently a stranger to the place—who came in with an air of some embarrassment, as if ashamed to find himself in such company, looked about for a moment, apparently in expectation of being shown to a reserved seat, and finally took a chair, apart from the audience, near the little cabinet organ. In the language of Water Street, I "sized him up," and mentally classified him as a gentleman, a church member, a good husband and father, and a most worthy and estimable cittzen. He belonged, I thought, to that class of complacent Christians who do business honestly, attend church regularly, pay their pew-rent promptly, go to prayer-meeting occasionally, contribute to foreign missions liberally, and think they have done their duty fairly well to God and man.

The meeting happened to be an unusually interesting and absorbing one, and when the outcasts and drunkards began to speak I forgot all about this visitor

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from uptown, and never even looked his way. At the end of an hour there was a momentary lull in the proceedings; everybody seemed to be waiting for something; and when I turned toward Jerry McAuley's desk, I was surprised to see the portly, fashionably dressed gentleman on his feet. His eyes were red and swollen, and, although he had a handkerchief in his hand, he had forgotten to use it, and his face was streaming with tears. He evidently intended to speak; but he seemed wholly unable to get control of himself, and for half a minute he stood there, with quivering lips and tear-wet face, a most striking and pathetic figure. But at last the words came.

With the directness and simplicity of the Water Street method, he said: "My name is Richard Roe. I am a deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church on —— Ninth Street. I came down to this meeting out of curiosity, and because this afternoon I had nothing else in particular to do. Now, I want to confess, in the presence of Almighty God and this company, that I am a liar and a hypocrite. I have pretended to be a Christian—perhaps sometimes I thought I was a Christian—but now I see that the truth was not in me. I have had my lesson, and I am going back to my church. With God's help, I will say to them what I have just said to you. Pray for me, that I may have courage enough and strength enough to show to them there the honesty and sincerity that I have learned from you here. So help me God, I will henceforth live the real Christian life if I can!"

That, as nearly as I could afterward remember it, was the whole of his speech. Jerry McAuley made no comment, but simply asked all present to join him in praying God to strengthen and confirm the purpose of "this our brother," and to keep him always a Christian in spirit and in truth.

The meeting was then dismissed; the deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church went back to his place of duty, and I saw him no more. Whether he made confession to his church or not, I never heard; but I do know that in the Water Street mission he learned the difference between profession and practice—between mere assent to a Christian doctrine and sincere imitation of the life of Christ.

In point of doctrine, Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting always seemed to me orthodox but liberal. It did not bribe sinners with promises of heaven, nor frighten them with threats of hell; but it taught the efficacy of Christ's love as a redeeming, uplifting, and ever-acting force, and it insisted strenuously on personal effort in the culture of self, and personal sacrifice in the service of others, as the only acceptable proofs of a saving faith.

There is a certain kind of revival theology—or perhaps I should say hymn-book theology—which would make it appear that

> God laid our sins on Jesus;
> He washed away our stains.
> The act is past that freed us,
> And naught to do remains.

This was not the theology of the Water Street mission when I knew it. The Gospel preached there was a Gospel of works, and not of mere passive faith in the adequacy of a superhuman atonement. The drunkard or thief who got on his feet in that mission and expressed a desire to become a follower of Christ knew very well that, instead of having "naught to do," he had *everything* to do. It was only the sham convert who felt sure that he was "washed white in the blood of the Lamb"—and he had his rebuke. The sincere penitent was well aware that the new life would be a life of constant struggle for his own salvation, and self-sacrifice for the salvation of others. Expressed in the language of Water Street, the doctrinal theology of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting was: "Jesus died to give you a show; but He didn't expect you to lie down on Him and let Him carry you. If you want to follow Him, get onto His cross, and suffer, your own self, for some poor chap that's worse than you." And many of them did "get onto His cross." It was touching, as well as inspiriting, to see the eagerness with which new converts would throw themselves into the practical work of the mission, and the unwavering persistence with which they would follow it up—regardless of time, money, comfort, and personal convenience. One man for a whole year had been coming down to that prayer-meeting from One Hundred and Ninth Street; another was coming there every night from Staten Island; and many more were devoting every hour that

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they could steal from sleep and labor to the Water Street mission and its work.

One of Jerry McAuley's specialties was the saving of inebriates; and he had a small corps of reformed drunkards—"Happy Charlie" was one of them—who gave themselves up, almost exclusively, to the rescue and redemption of that unfortunate class. When a man like the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair, of whom I have already spoken, rose in the Water Street mission, and said he was going to try to live a new life, he didn't have to live it alone. Some of Jerry McAuley's young men were always at hand to cheer and strengthen him in his hours of depression and temptation, and they watched him, by turns, until he had conquered his appetite and was qualified to become a rescuer himself. And not only that; they often fed him and clothed him as well.

Of course the drunkards who came to the Water Street mission were not all rescued; neither were all of the sinners and criminals converted. So far as a year's observation enabled me to judge, the men and women who reformed in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting were all men and women who had had good mothers, or who, at some time in their lives, had been subjected to good influences. I doubt very much whether any hereditary criminal—any man from such a family as that of the Jukes—who had been conceived in sin and nurtured in vice, ever got on his feet in the Water Street mission and asked for prayers. Such men doubtless straggled in there occasionally, to see what it was like; but they were not the men who became converts.

Hawthorne says that "the earthliest human soul has an infinite spiritual capacity, and may contain the better world within its depths."

This is doubtless true; but if the earth of the human soul contain no seeds, the better world will never come *out* of its depths, either in the flower of religious emotion or in the fruit of a Christian life. If you cut away a dense forest of old trees, blossoming plants never before seen there will spring into life and cast their perfume on the air; but the seeds of these plants were in the ground before the trees were removed. If there had been no seeds in the soil, neither deforestation nor culture would have produced the flowery second growth. The moral natures of the Water Street outcasts had been shadowed and choked by the dense, rank growths of sin and vice; but deep down in their hearts were the dormant seeds of a better life, in the shape of a good inheritance, the memory of a Christian mother, or the unobliterated impressions of an innocent and happy boyhood. In the Jukes criminal there was nothing to which a moral appeal could be made; but in the average Water Street outcast there were early associations that might be re-established, and good impulses that might again be brought into play. The Jukes criminal was a Newgate-calendar in the original manuscript; while the Water Street penitent was a recovered palimpsest. And, as in a codex palimpsestus the verses of an old Greek love poet were often revived under the darker handwriting of a mediæval monkish chronicle, so in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations once inscribed on the "sweet-scented manuscript of Youth" were brought out faintly from under the later and blacker record of temptation, passion, and crime.

The Way

By George Lynde Richardson

The pathway to the Land of Life
Passes the threshold of my door.
It turns down yonder narrow street
Hedged by the dwellings of the poor.
It winds beside the house of woe,
Under lit panes where watchers wait.
Who strives too swiftly on that road
Reaches the end too late.

But he who pauses, turning back
For deed of love, for word of cheer,
Faithful, unhasting, unafraid,
Nor wondering if the end be near—
Lo! where the shadow blackest falls,
While yet he seems midmost the strife,
Enters through the uplifted gates
Into the Land of Life.

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Up from Slavery: An Autobiography[1]

By Booker T. Washington

Chapter XIV.—The Atlanta Exposition Address

THE Atlanta Exposition, at which I had been asked to make an address as a representative of the Negro race, as stated in the last chapter, was opened with a short address from Governor Bullock. After other interesting exercises, including an invocation from Bishop Nelson, of Georgia, a dedicatory ode by Albert Howell, Jr., and addresses by the President of the Exposition and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, the President of the Woman's Board, Governor Bullock introduced me with the words: "We have with us to-day a representative of negro enterprise and negro civilization."

When I arose to speak, there was considerable cheering, especially from the colored people. As I remember it now, the thing that was uppermost in my mind was the desire to say something that would cement the friendship of the races and bring about hearty co-operation between them. So far as my outward surroundings were concerned, the only thing that I recall distinctly now is that when I got up I saw thousands of eyes looking intently into my face. The following is the address which I delivered:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board of Directors and Citizens:

One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition that will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the State Legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are"—cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses

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of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight millions of negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent. interest. These efforts will be twice blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable:

> The laws of changeless justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed;
> And close as sin and suffering joined
> We march to fate abreast.

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.

Gentlemen of the Exposition, as we present to you our humble effort at an exhibition of our progress, you must not expect overmuch. Starting thirty years ago with ownership here and there in a few quilts and pumpkins and chickens (gathered from miscellaneous sources), remember the path that has led from these to the inventions and production of agricultural implements, buggies, steam-engines, newspapers, books, statuary, carving, paintings, the management of drug-stores and banks, has not been trodden without contact with thorns and thistles. While we take pride in what we exhibit as a result of our independent efforts, we do not for a moment forget that our part in this exhibition would fall far short of your expectations but for the constant help that has come to our educational life, not only from the Southern States, but especially from Northern phi-

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lanthropists, who have made their gifts a constant stream of blessing and encouragement.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera-house.

In conclusion, may I repeat that nothing in thirty years has given us more hope and encouragement, and drawn us so near to you of the white race, as this opportunity offered by the Exposition; and here bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South, you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind, that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, letters, and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that, let us pray God, will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law. This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

The first thing that I remember, after I had finished speaking, was that Governor Bullock rushed across the platform and took me by the hand, and that others did the same. I received so many and such hearty congratulations that I found it difficult to get out of the building. I did not appreciate to any degree, however, the impression which my address seemed to have made, until the next morning, when I went into the business part of the city. As soon as I was recognized, I was surprised to find myself pointed out and surrounded by a crowd of men who wished to shake hands with me. This was kept up on every street on which I went, to an extent which embarrassed me so much that I went back to my boarding-place. The next morning I returned to Tuskegee. At the station in Atlanta, and at almost all of the stations at which the train stopped between that city and Tuskegee, I found a crowd of people anxious to shake hands with me.

The papers in all parts of the United States published the address in full, and for months afterwards there were complimentary editorial references to it. Mr. Clark Howell, the editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," telegraphed to a New York paper, among other words, the following: "I do not exaggerate when I say that Professor Booker T. Washington's address yesterday was one of the most notable speeches, both as to character and as to the warmth of its reception, ever delivered to a Southern audience. The address was a revelation. The whole speech is a platform upon which blacks and whites can stand with full justice to each other."

The Boston "Transcript" said editorially: "The speech of Booker T. Washington at the Atlanta Exposition, this week, seems to have dwarfed all the other proceedings and the Exposition itself. The sensation that it has caused in the press has never been equaled."

I very soon began receiving all kinds of propositions from lecture bureaus, and editors of magazines and papers, to take the lecture platform, and to write articles. One lecture bureau offered me $50,000, or $200 a night and expenses, if I would place my services at its disposal for a given period. To all these communications I replied that my life-work was at Tuskegee; and that whenever I spoke it must be in the interests of the Tuskegee school and my race, and that I would enter into no arrangements that seemed to place a mere commercial value upon my services.

Some days after its delivery I sent a copy of my address to the President of the United States, the Hon. Grover Cleve-

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land. I received from him the following autograph reply:

Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.,
October 6, 1895.

Booker T. Washington, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—I thank you for sending me a copy of your address delivered at the Atlanta Exposition.

I thank you with much enthusiasm for making the address. I have read it with intense interest, and I think the Exposition would be fully justified if it did not do more than furnish the opportunity for its delivery. Your words cannot fail to delight and encourage all who wish well for your race; and if our colored fellow-citizens do not from your utterances gather new hope and form new determinations to gain every valuable advantage offered them by their citizenship, it will be strange indeed.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Later I met Mr. Cleveland, for the first time, when, as President, he visited the Atlanta Exposition. At the request of myself and others he consented to spend an hour in the Negro Building, for the purpose of inspecting the negro exhibit and of giving the colored people in attendance an opportunity to shake hands with him. As soon as I met Mr. Cleveland I became impressed with his simplicity, greatness, and rugged honesty. I have met him many times since then, both at public functions and at his private residence in Princeton, and the more I see of him the more I admire him. When he visited the Negro Building in Atlanta he seemed to give himself up wholly, for that hour, to the colored people. He seemed to be as careful to shake hands with some old colored "auntie" clad partially in rags, and to take as much pleasure in doing so, as if he were greeting some millionaire. Many of the colored people took advantage of the occasion to get him to write his name in a book or on a slip of paper. He was as careful and patient in doing this as if he were putting his signature to some great state document.

Mr. Cleveland has not only shown his friendship for me in many personal ways, but has always consented to do anything I have asked of him for our school. This he has done, whether it was to make a personal donation or to use his influence in securing the donations of others. Judging from my personal acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland, I do not believe that he is conscious of possessing any color prejudice. He is too great for that. In my contact with people I find that, as a rule, it is only the little, narrow people who live for themselves, who never read good books, who do not travel, who never open up their souls in a way to permit them to come into contact with other souls—with the great outside world. No man whose vision is bounded by color can come into contact with what is highest and best in the world. In meeting men, in many places, I have found that the happiest people are those who do the most for others; the most miserable are those who do the least. I have also found that few things, if any, are capable of making one so blind and narrow as race prejudice. I often say to our students, in the course of my talks to them on Sunday evenings in the chapel, that the longer I live and the more experience I have of the world, the more I am convinced that, after all, the one thing that is most worth living for—and dying for, if need be—is the opportunity of making some one else more happy and more useful.

The colored people and the colored newspapers at first seemed to be greatly pleased with the character of my Atlanta address, as well as with its reception. But after the first burst of enthusiasm began to die away, and the colored people began reading the speech in cold type, some of them seemed to feel that they had been hypnotized. They seemed to feel that I had been too liberal in my remarks toward the Southern whites, and that I had not spoken out strongly enough for what they termed the "rights" of the race. For a while there was a reaction, so far as a certain element of my own race was concerned, but later these reactionary ones seem to have been won over to my way of believing and acting.

While speaking of changes in public sentiment, I recall that about ten years after the school at Tuskegee was established, I had an experience that I shall never forget. Dr. Lyman Abbott, then the pastor of Plymouth Church, and also editor of The Outlook (then The Christian Union), asked me to write a letter for his paper giving my opinion of the exact condition, mental and moral, of the colored ministers in the South, as based upon my observations. I wrote the letter, giving the exact facts as I conceived them to

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be. The picture painted was a rather black one—or, since I am black, shall I say "white"? It could not be otherwise with a race but a few years out of slavery.

What I said soon reached every negro minister in the country, I think, and the letters of condemnation which I received from them were not few. I think that for a year after the publication of this article every association and every conference or religious body of any kind, of my race, that met, did not fail before adjourning to pass a resolution condemning me, or calling upon me to retract or modify what I had said. Many of these organizations went so far in their resolutions as to advise parents to cease sending their children to Tuskegee. One association even appointed a "missionary" whose duty it was to warn the people against sending their children to Tuskegee. This missionary had a son in the school, and I noticed that, whatever the "missionary" might have said or done with regard to others, he was careful not to take his son away from the institution. Many of the colored papers, especially those that were the organs of religious bodies, joined in the general chorus of condemnation or demands for retraction.

During the whole time of the excitement, and through all the criticism, I did not utter a word of explanation or retraction. I knew that I was right, and that time and the sober second thought of the people would vindicate me. It was not long before the bishops and other church leaders began to make a careful investigation of the conditions of the ministry, and they found out that I was right. In fact, the oldest and most influential bishop in one branch of the Methodist Church said that my words were far too mild. Very soon public sentiment began making itself felt, in demanding a purifying of the ministry. While this is not yet complete by any means, I think I may say, without egotism, and I have been told by many of our most influential ministers, that my words had much to do with starting a demand for the placing of a higher type of men in the pulpit. I have had the satisfaction of having many who once condemned me thank me heartily for my frank words.

The change of the attitude of the negro ministry, so far as regards myself, is so complete that at the present time I have no warmer friends among any class than I have among the clergymen. The improvement in the character and life of the negro ministers is one of the most gratifying evidences of the progress of the race. My experience with them convinces me that the thing to do, when one feels sure that he has said or done the right thing, and is condemned, is to stand still and keep quiet. If he is right, time will show it.

In the midst of the discussion which was going on concerning my Atlanta speech, I received the letter which I give below, from Dr. Gilman, the President of Johns Hopkins University, who had been made chairman of the judges of award in connection with the Atlanta Exposition:

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore,
President's Office, September 30, 1895.

Dear Mr. Washington: Would it be agreeable to you to be one of the Judges of Award in the Department of Education at Atlanta? If so, I shall be glad to place your name upon the list. A line by telegraph will be welcomed.

Yours very truly,
D. C. GILMAN.

I think I was even more surprised to receive this invitation than I had been to receive the invitation to speak at the opening of the Exposition. It was to be a part of my duty, as one of the jurors, to pass not only upon the exhibits of the colored schools, but also upon those of the white schools. I accepted the position, and spent a month in Atlanta in performance of the duties which it entailed. The board of jurors was a large one, consisting in all of sixty members. It was about equally divided between Southern white people and Northern white people. Among them were college presidents, leading scientists and men of letters, and specialists in many subjects. When the group of jurors to which I was assigned met for organization, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who was one of the number, moved that I be made secretary of that division, and the motion was unanimously adopted. Nearly half of our division were Southern people. In performing my duties in the inspection of the exhibits of white schools I was in every case treated with respect, and at the close of our labors I parted from my associates with regret.

I am often asked to express myself more freely than I do upon the political condition and the political future of my race. These recollections of my experi-

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ence in Atlanta give me the opportunity to do so briefly. My own belief is, although I have never before said so in so many words, that the time will come when the negro in the South will be accorded all the political rights which his ability, character, and material possessions entitle him to. I think, though, that the opportunity freely to exercise such political rights will not come in any large degree through outside or artificial forcing, but will be accorded to the negro by the Southern white people themselves, and that they will protect him in the exercise of those rights. Just as soon as the South gets over the old feeling that it is being forced by "foreigners" or "aliens" to do something which it does not want to do, I believe that the change in the direction that I have indicated is going to begin. In fact, there are indications that it is already beginning in a slight degree.

Let me illustrate my meaning. Suppose that some months before the opening of the Atlanta Exposition there had been a general demand from the press and public platform outside the South that a negro be given a place on the opening programme, and that a negro be placed upon the board of jurors of award. Would any such recognition of the race have taken place? I do not think so. The Atlanta officials went as far as they did because they felt it to be a pleasure, as well as a duty, to reward what they considered merit in the Negro race. Say what we will, there is something in human nature which we cannot blot out, which makes one man, in the end, recognize and reward merit in another, regardless of color or race.

I believe it is the duty of the negro—as the greater part of the race is already doing—to deport himself modestly in regard to political claims, depending upon the slow but sure influences that proceed from the possession of property, intelligence, and high character for the full recognition of his political rights. I think that the according of the full exercise of political rights is going to be a matter of natural, slow growth, not an over-night, gourd-vine affair. I do not believe that the negro should cease voting, for a man cannot learn the exercise of self-government by ceasing to vote, any more than a boy can learn to swim by keeping out of the water; but I do believe that in his voting he should more and more be influenced by those of intelligence and character who are his next-door neighbors.

I know colored men who, through the encouragement, help, and advice of Southern white people, have accumulated thousands of dollars' worth of property, but who at the same time would never think of going to those same persons for advice concerning the casting of their ballots. This, it seems to me, is unwise and unreasonable, and should cease. In saying this I do not mean that the negro should truckle, or not vote from principle, for the instant he ceases to vote from principle he loses the confidence and respect of the Southern white man even.

I do not believe that any State should make a law that permits an ignorant and poverty-stricken white man to vote, and prevents a black man in the same condition from voting. Such a law is not only unjust, but it will react, as all unjust laws do, in time; for the effect of such a law is to encourage the negro to secure education and property, and at the same time it encourages the white man to remain in ignorance and poverty. I believe that in time, through the operation of intelligence and friendly race relations, all cheating at the ballot-box in the South will cease. It will become apparent that the white man who begins by cheating a negro out of his ballot soon learns to cheat a white man out of his, and that the man who does this ends his career of dishonesty by the theft of property or by some equally serious crime. In my opinion, the time will come when the South will encourage all of its citizens to vote. It will see that it pays better, from every standpoint, to have healthy, vigorous life than to have that political stagnation which always results when one-half of the population has no share and no interest in the Government.

As a rule, I believe in universal, free suffrage, but I believe that in the South we are confronted with peculiar conditions that justify the protection of the ballot in many of the States, for a while at least, either by an educational test or a property test, or by both combined; but whatever tests are required, they should be made to apply with equal and exact justice to both races.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Ad Astra. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. John Lane, New York. 6¾×8½ in.

A very handsomely printed group of poems which seem to have found favor in England, since this is the third reprint. It is difficult, however, to account for their popularity. They are dignified, correct, academic, and thoughtful, but the poetic quality is not in them. They lack spontaneity, freshness, the singing note.

Balzac's Cinq Scènes de la Comédie Humaine. Selected and Edited by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 208 pages. 40c.

Barbara. By Mrs. Alexander. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 344 pages. 50c.

Cabin and Plantation Songs as Sung by the Hampton Students. Arranged by Thomas P. Fenner, Frederic G. Rathbun, and Miss Bessie Cleaveland. (Third Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9¼ in. 166 pages. $1.25.

Carmina Subseciva: Songs from Near and Far. By O. A. Hills, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 63 pages. 50c.

These lyrics are, as the title indicates, a by-product of a busy life. Many of them are devotional; many the wayside songs of a traveler. Beside general aptness in versification, some of them, as the "Smoking Prophet" and the "Mulberry Tree," evince poetic genius.

Considerations on Painting: Lectures Given in the Year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. By John La Farge. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 270 pages. $1.25.

A new edition of one of the most suggestive books on the subject of painting which has yet come from the hand of an American; a book of great usefulness to the practitioners of every art, by reason of its insight into the nature, the spirit, and the methods of art.

Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ. By Ernest De Witt Burton and Shailer Mathews. Revised Edition. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 302 pages. $1.

This seems to us far superior to any scheme of Biblical study that we have seen. It is specially designed for students in academies and colleges, and in the highest grade of the Sunday-school. In using it according to the directions the student is aided to do constructive work for himself upon the life of Christ. The thoroughly historical study of that life which it conducts leads strongly but unobtrusively to personal interest in the subject, and toward sympathy and fellowship with Christ. One of its best features is its frequent demand for modern applications of Christ's principles. In its critical treatment of difficult sections, like the discourse of Jesus concerning the "end of the world," and the narrative of his resurrection, it is highly commendable. In general, the book serves as a compendious commentary upon the four Gospels arranged as in Stevens and Burton's "Harmony."

Critical Historical Essays. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. Vols. IV. and V. 4×6 in. 50c. each.

Four Great Venetians: An Account of the Lives and Works of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Il Veronese. By Frank Preston Stearns. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

From Slavery to Freedom. By Charles H. Davies. Published by the Author, Aurora, Ill. 5¾×8¾ in. 525 pages. $2.

Giorgione. By Herbert Cook, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 145 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Golden Treasury of the Bible (The). By S. C. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages.

This is a collection of the compiler's favorite passages of the Bible, two hundred and thirty-nine in all, of which twelve only are from the books antecedent to the Psalms. It is a sort of little Bible, the selections for which show good judgment, and are published in style suitable for a gift-book.

Gwynett of Thornhaugh. By Frederick W. Hayes, A.R.A. Illustrated. The F. M. Lupton Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 442 pages. $1.25.

A sequel to "A Kent Squire," and, like that book, ingeniously conceived in the manner of the elder Dumas, but not written with much literary fineness. The subject is found in the intrigue and plotting which followed the death of Louis XIV., while the English hero again becomes involved in thrilling personal adventures. The author has made an unusually close study of French political and court history in the period treated. Altogether, this romance is unusual in the variety and rapidity of its action, and even extraordinary in its invention, although crude in literary quality and with scenes that are horrible or sensual. There are many illustrations by the author, who is an Associate of the English Royal Academy.

Historical Development of Modern Europe, 1815-1897. By Charles M. Andrews. (Student's Edition.) 2 vols. in one. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8¾ in. 467 pages. $2.75.

A student's edition, presenting in a single cover at a moderate price the two volumes which we have had occasion to review with such marked favor. We know of no other history which presents so philosophic a survey of the forces which have shaped the political development of Europe during the past century.

Human Hair (The): Its Care and Preservation. By J. R. Stitson, M.Sc. The Maple Publishing Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 234 pages.

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Ideal Messages. For Eyes that Weep. By Samuel G. Smith. (25c.) **Unto Him.** By John H. Vincent. (25c.) **Beyond the Marshes.** By Ralph Connor. (25c.) **For Hearts that Hope.** By James G. K. McClure. (25c.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in.

A group of very tastefully printed little books, which contain a distinct message of consolation or of inspiration briefly and effectively expressed.

Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude. By Frederick Storrs Turner, B.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 484 pages. $2.25.

This work might have been entitled "The Way Out of Agnosticism," had not that title been previously adopted by another writer. As a record of the course actually pursued by a sincere inquirer, it has a special interest for those whom he has parted from. In a cautious and leisurely way the writer traverses the whole field, and it requires some sympathy with his purpose, and some patience on the part of one who has settled the problem for himself, to keep pace with him throughout. His conclusion, that we may assert, as a matter of knowledge, "that the Reality is, and that it is trustworthy," gives him a lively satisfaction, from which one may infer previous doubts of a most depressing kind. Meager as his conclusion may appear, it evidently assumes a large significance for him, which he does not go on to define. He has, at any rate, worked clear of the prime fallacy of agnosticism, that knowledge results from mere intellection. Real knowledge he finds not in science, psychology, or philosophy, but in the domain of teleology, in the pursuit of ends, in that region of experience where feeling and volition are engaged with their chosen ideals.

Last Years of the Nineteenth Century (The). By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8¼ in. 545 pages. $2.50.

This admirably supplements Mrs. Latimer's Nineteenth Century Series, the six volumes in which deal with the great countries separately. The author has a rare faculty for picking out the picturesque and significant in current history and suppressing the cyclopædic and unimportant. One finds here such subjects as the Dreyfus Case, the Queen's Jubilee, the Cretan troubles, the Boer War, the Spanish-American War, and many other topics treated in a colloquial way with extracts, incidents, and illustrative comment. The score or more of portraits are almost uniformly good and well printed.

Laws of Scientific Hand Reading (The). By William G. Benham. Illustrated. The G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 635 pages. $3.

An elaborate treatise on the "art" of palmistry, with some eight hundred illustrations, mostly from life. One may admit that indications of age, disposition, employment, and character may be found in the hand without accepting the purely arbitrary rules of indication laid down by this or any professor of cheiromancy. It would need more than six hundred pages to convince most people that because some palmistry-savant or more likely gypsy in some unknown past has named a particular "mount" after Apollo, therefore those who have this mount strongly developed will be beautiful. In large part the "science," glibly as its "professors" may talk, is made up from just such silly assumptions, and if appeal is made to common sense and reason, solemn assurance is given that, reason or no reason, experience shows that the "law" is true. Thus, Mr. Benham, after asserting that the "line of Life" shows the probable termination of life, and often by what disease or agency, adds: "If you ask, '*Why* does the line of Life show these things?' we must answer, 'We do not know, unless our hypothesis that the lines are the life-map of the subject be correct.'" Truly a sapient answer! And it further appears that if the break in the line which indicates death is not found after death in the Life line, it may be looked for on the Heart line, the Head line, the Mercury line, or elsewhere. With this choice it must be easy to prove anything after the event. Practically, we imagine that most palmistry exponents are first of all shrewd physiognomists; next to that volubility of language seems, if we may judge from this book, more necessary than closeness of logical reasoning.

Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Giorgio Vasari. (The Temple Vasari.) The Macmillan Co., New York. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. 4×6 in. 50c. each.

The publication of Volumes VI., VII., and VIII. completes the new edition of Vasari, which has been added to the Temple Classics, and presents this standard work in the most convenient form. The concluding volume contains a general index for the whole work.

Murillo: A Collection of Pictures with Introduction and Interpretation. By Estelle M. Hurll. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 96 pages. 75c.

The "Riverside Art Series" might well have been called the "Indispensable Art Series." It is indispensable to art students of all ages. Let no one carelessly overlook the series because it is primarily designed for children and young people. The latest volume to appear proves anew the value of this contribution to knowledge of the great painters. There are reproductions of many of the pictures of the artist treated. The text consists of an introduction and an interpretation, with the addition of some tables of chronology and pronunciation. The introduction seems written for the general reader; the interpretation of the various pictures is apparently intended for younger students. Murillo is as interesting a character as any yet considered in the series, since he was at once thoroughly individual and yet entirely typical of his nationality. In his own high way he was a realist, but he was also a national incorporation of Spanish delight in sensuousness, color, emotion. Fortunately, he had balance enough never to permit his sensuousness to degrade itself into sensuality. If he had been allowed to pursue his own bent, he would probably have become a painter of *genre* subjects only, but, as in the case of Filippo Lippi in Italy, circumstances compelled him to enter the domain of religious art. Once in that domain, however, he did what Fra Lippo Lippi never could do, for Murillo had piety

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a-plenty. He was what Tertullian called "naturally a Christian," and his faith stood him in good stead, developing an idealizing power which finally produced such immortal canvases as the "St. Anthony" (Berlin) and the "Immaculate Conception" (Paris). The author cleverly compares Murillo to his mighty contemporaries, Rembrandt and Velasquez. Regarding Murillo and Rembrandt, she points out the intense humanity of both men. As Justi says, "both recognized that Biblical history and the lives of the Saints could best be narrated in the dialect of the people." We are reminded, however, that while Rembrandt occasionally exaggerated homeliness into grotesqueness, so Murillo sometimes carried sweetness to the verge of insipidity; he certainly lacked the virile force that distinguished his compatriot, Velasquez. Most travelers do not go to Spain, and therefore the volume's chief value lies in its interpretation of Murillo's pictures in Madrid. Of all his works, these best represent his genius.

New Testament Greek Syllabus. By A. T. Robertson. Charles T. Dearing, Louisville, Ky. 4½×6½ in. 99 pages. 50c.

North Americans of Yesterday (The). By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 487 pages. $4.

This comparative study of North American Indian life and customs is written on the theory that the races are of ethnic unity. The volume is based on Lowell Institute lectures, but they have been greatly expanded, and the whole is copiously and really beautifully illustrated. We reserve the work for fuller notice after the thorough examination it clearly calls for.

Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere. By J. Willis Clark, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 399 pages. $1.75.

A volume of very pleasantly written recollections of a number of men prominently identified with Cambridge University, among them William Whewell, Connop Thirlwall, Lord Houghton, Edward Henry Palmer, Dr. Thompson, Richard Owen. The chapters are biographical, and they are also personal in the best sense of the word. The volume as a whole is one of those foot-notes to contemporary history which are full not only of interest but of enlightenment.

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 360 pages. 50c.

A charming edition of a charming book.

Pathfinder (The) and The Prairie. By Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. $1.25 each.

An excellent edition, illustrated by Brock. We wonder if boys of to-day enjoy these Leatherstocking tales as their fathers did. There is considerable evidence that they do. Certainly the stories are immensely superior to many of the popular boys' books of our time.

Poems. By Alexander Blair Thaw. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 115 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Random Fancies. By James B. Townsend. Cooke & Fry, New York. 4½×6 in. 78 pages.

A little volume of verse, written largely for recreation, and published in part in a number of newspapers. They are quite worthy of being presented in a collected form, for the verses disclose a natural gift for versification. They are full of felicitous touches; the hand rarely bears too heavily on the thought or the fancy, but the poetic impression is permitted to express itself gracefully and naturally. Many of these little verses, once read, are likely to remain in the memory.

Rockspur Rivals (The). By Gilbert Patten. Illustrated. Street & Smith, New York. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1.

Romance of the Rose (The). By W. Lorris and J. Clopinel. Englished by F. S. Ellis. Vol. III. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 260 pages. 50c.

Sainte-Catherine (La). By André Theuriet. William R. Jenkins, New York. 5×6¼ in. 65 pages. 25c.

Selections from the Writings of George MacDonald. Compiled by J. Dewey. Frances L. Dusenberry, Chicago. 4½×6 in. 93 pages. 50c.

Sintram and his Companions and Aslauga's Knight. By La Motte Fouqué. Illustrated. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 218 pages. 50c.

A very pretty edition, with a frontispiece in colors and with other illustrations, of this well-known children's classic.

Story of Assisi (The). By Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 372 pages. $1.50.

Those who put St. Francis of Assisi in the niche where he properly belongs, those who love their Dante, those who have been moved by the cathedral-builders, or by Donatello and the Robbias, by Giotto and Fra Angelico, to hark back to a great epoch—all these ought to put another book of value on the shelf containing volumes relating to the Middle Ages. If any town has a right to be considered as typical of that period, Assisi has such a right. It has been described by a Taine, a Symonds, a Sabatier, but no one has given to us what we welcome in this latest edition to the series on "Mediæval Cities"—a series as delightful as it is profitable.

Through Stress and Storm. By Gregory Brooke. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 240 pages. $1.

Treasury of Irish Poetry (A): In the English Tongue. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 576 pages. $1.75.

This is one of the most interesting anthologies which has appeared for a long time past. It deals with a body of verse which is essentially poetic in spirit as well as in form; which has color, warmth, sentiment, and a touch of passion—qualities in which our own minor verse is often conspicuously lacking. The fervor of the Celtic nature, the sensitiveness of the Celtic imagination, and the note of pathos in the Celtic character give its poetic expression many elemental qualities and natural charm. The volume is interesting also because it

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brings clearly before the student, and in a very convenient form, the best examples of the modern Celtic writing. Much has been said about the new school of Celtic writers, and a good deal of it has been very extravagant; but the movement has had associated with it a number of men of genuine poetic sensibility and poetic gift, and their work is presented in this anthology in a very compact form. Finally, the collection has the immense advantage of having been made by one of the most competent students of poetry of our time. Mr. Stopford Brooke's introduction stamps the book with distinction; the fact that he has supervised the selection, and that it appears with the authority of his admirable taste and his long editorial experience, separates it at once from most books of its kind. The volume is well printed, compact in form, and ought to be within easy reach of all those who care for modern verse. The introduction is a valuable contribution to contemporary literary studies.

Who's Who, 1901. Fifty-third Year of Issue. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 1,234 pages. $1.75.

To a newspaper office this reference-book and its companion, "Who's Who in America," have become really indispensable. The title is a little flippant, but the book, in substance, is a wonderfully full and accurate compilation of personal information.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Where can I obtain a book describing the different religions of the world? What I want is a reliable work, in condensed form, to use as a text-book for a pastor's Bible class. I wish to put a copy in the hands of each member of my class, therefore as condensed a work as will cover the ground is desired—one that will describe the beliefs, rites, ceremonies, etc., of the different religions, or at least of the principal religions of the world at the present day, both heathen and the higher, up to our Christian beliefs. C. F. H.

Menzies's "History of Religion" (Scribners, New York, $1.50) answers very well to your demand. A much briefer work, dealing with general principles rather than particular facts, is Professor Everett's "Religions Before Christianity" (20 cents paper, 25 cents cloth; Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston).

1. Kindly inform me of a good popular work on the Book of Joshua, giving publisher and price. 2. Also of a good work on The Pentateuch, written in a popular style. 3. The best recent work on Oriental research—something in the line of Professor Hilprecht's late discoveries. F. E. W.

1 and 2. The best thing of this sort is the first volume of Stanley's "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church" (Scribners, New York, $2). 3. Price's "The Monuments and the Old Testament" (The Christian Culture Press, Chicago, $1.50) and Rogers's "History of Babylonia and Assyria" (Eaton & Mains, New York, two volumes, $5) embody the latest results of research. For another such book as Hilprecht's we have still to wait.

1. What is the Yiddish language? That is, is it a mixture of several languages, or is it modern Hebrew, or something different still? 2. Is it understood by all Jews? 3. Are any periodicals published in this language in New York City to-day? E. J. G.

1. The Yiddish (a term derived from the German *Jüdisch*, *i.e.*, Jewish), also called Jargon, is a mixture of Hebrew and several European tongues. 2. No. 3. The "Jewish Daily News," or the "Tageblatt," published at 185 East Broadway, has the largest circulation of the Yiddish publications. "The Tiqveth Israel," a twenty-page monthly, is published at 80 Second Street.

Can you recommend a book on theology and church history suitable for a text-book for a pastor's class in training for church membership? A. V. B.

In the Scotch series of Guild and Bible-Class Text-books, about 25 cents each, is a volume on "Landmarks of Church History," and one on "Outlines of Christian Doctrine Based on the Apostles' Creed." They can probably be obtained through Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The following statement appears in one of this month's magazines: "St. Paul, great as he was, and entitled to our reverence as one inspired, was not infallible. His own writings convict him of error. His claim of inspiration for some of his utterances has been disproved by time." If the above is true, please state in what instance or instances. I know in some cases he merely gives his personal opinion, and in others he says he thinks he has the Holy Spirit's corroboration. But where he expressly claims inspiration I know of no error. W. G. H.

It is generally admitted, we believe, that St. Paul was mistaken in his expectation of a visible return of Christ during his lifetime, as expressed in the earliest of his letters, I Thessalonians iv., 15, 17, where he claims divine authority for it.

We see your comment on the "Armenian Bible"—who publishes it? Also, can you direct me to the publishers of Köstlin's "Life of Luther"? I. N. L.

1. American Bible Society, Bible House, New York. 2. Köstlin's "Life of Luther" does not appear to be published here according to the catalogues, but in England, where Longmans publish a twelve-shilling and Cassell a one-shilling abridgment.

Can you please refer me to books giving a history of Trades-Unions, but more particularly treating of their moral aspect? H. E. M.

"History of Trades-Unions" and "Industrial Democracy," by Sydney and Beatrice Webb (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), and "The Labor Movement in America," by R. T. Ely (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York).

Which do you regard as the four best books, English or American—most orthodox, most reliable, most substantial—on political economy? Please name in the order they should be read. J. O. A.

Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy." It is difficult to add a fourth to this list.

Who is the author of "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad"? J. L. L.

The proverb is of unknown origin. In its Latin form it is, "Quem Jupiter vult perdere dementat prius."

The title of the poem of which "N. B." is in search (December 29) is "The Use of Sight," written by Jane Taylor. C. L. S.

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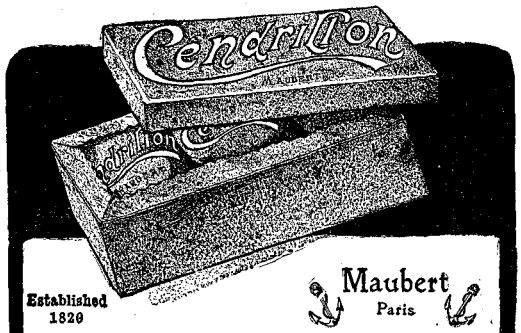

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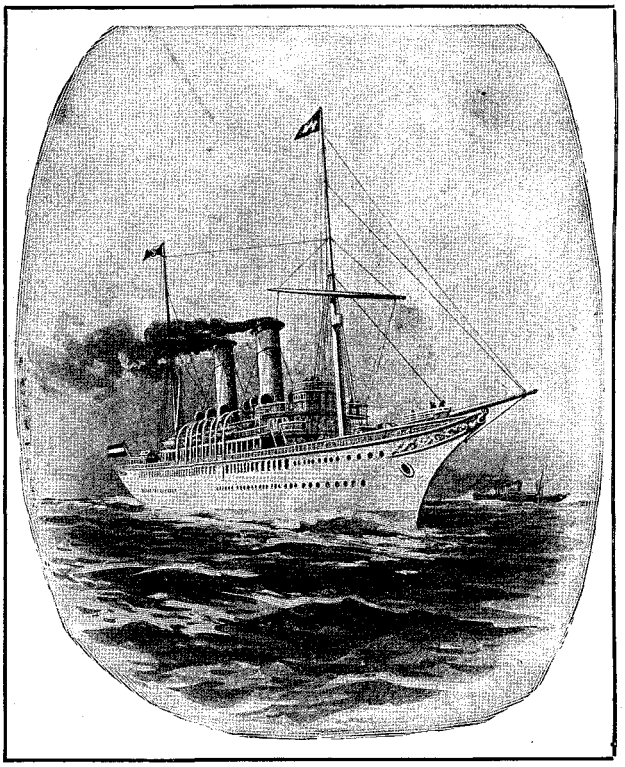

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THE LA TRINIDAD GROUP

The La Trinidad group, one mile north from the San Luis, is another of the old Spanish mines which has been worked lately at a good profit and has modern workings with modern machinery and plant. The shaft on one of the principal veins in this mine is 300 feet deep, the vein at the bottom about 9 feet wide, carrying gold and silver.

This is a lixiviation proposition.

Professor Potter of the St. Louis Sampling Works made careful tests on these ores and recommends the lixiviation process, saying that, on account of the sulphur contained in the ores, it will take very little fuel to roast them, and consequently they can be lixiviated at a very low cost.

The ores of the La Trinidad are very rich in black sulphides of silver, some of it running up into several thousand ounces to the ton, and the whole vein will, besides the silver, average one-half ounce of gold.

In his report of September 14, 1900, Professor Treadwell said of the La Trinidad:

"A good milling plant is on the La Trinidad mine, but it needs a concentrator of the Bartlett style and a roaster. Everything is favorable here to make this property pay big on a small outlay. The San Luis ores can also be worked at this mill, being only a mile distant. About $20,000 of this ore is at the mill ready to work."

Describing the vein and the extent of the work that has been done on it, Professor Treadwell further said:

"The vein is about 9 feet wide, its course being 22 degrees east of north and dipping south 80 degrees. The ore samples which I send by Wells, Fargo & Company came from the rich streak of the 9-foot vein, the streak being 3 feet wide and lying next to the hanging wall. It shows **very** rich ore.

"The old workings show at this place 250 feet along the vein and 300 feet deep, so most of the mine has not been worked."

THE LA POTOSINA GROUP

The La Potosina group of mines, one mile north of the La Trinidad, consists of La Potosina, the Astoria, and the Mariposa, all on the same vein. There are two mother veins in this mining district, one running east and west, and the other north and south. The San Luis and the Avino mines are on the one running east and west, and the Potosina group is on the one running north and south. The Potosina was worked in the sixteenth century by Señor Gamon, who was manager for the King of Spain. The big mountain, which can be seen one hundred miles each way, and at the foot of which this mine lies, is named Gamon after this old miner. The miners worked only to a depth of 150 feet, as the water was too strong for them, with their crude appliances, to handle beyond that depth. The ores in this mine are very rich in gold and silver. Some of the assays go up into several thousand ounces of silver, and streaks in the veins are fabulously rich in gold. The rich ores in this mine can be shipped to the smelter as they are mined, while the lower grade ores will be worked by the lixiviation process at the La Trinidad mill. The mine is well opened, and will produce from the start fifty tons of very high grade ore per day. The Potosina is well known by the officials of this district, who have a full record of its production. It will pay handsomely from the start, and has inexhaustible quantities of ore in sight.

There are several noticeable and unique features of this enterprise to which attention is particularly called:

1. THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL AMOUNT OF CAPITAL NECESSARY TO PUT THE PROPERTY OF THE COMPANY ON A PAYING BASIS.

The mines are so situated, and they have already been developed to such an extent, that their richness and value are assured, and the work of production can go on at once and rapidly as soon as the reduction-plant now partially erected is completed.

2. THE LARGE RETURNS WE ARE JUSTIFIED IN EXPECTING FROM A SMALL INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL.

It is doubtful whether anything has ever been offered to the public for subscription which gives so much promise from so small an outlay.

3. THE MODERATE CAPITALIZATION OF THE COMPANY.

Many properties in Arizona and Mexico, much smaller and less valuable than ours, have been deemed by their owners to justify a capitalization of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. Our capitalization is only $1,000,000, and we can pay five times higher dividends than if our capitalization were $5,000,000.

4. THE COMPARATIVELY LARGE PROPORTION OF THE STOCK THAT IS PUT IN THE TREASURY FOR TREASURY PURPOSES.

The stock of the Company is divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $10. 35% of this—35,000 shares—is in the Treasury for the working capital.

5. THE MINES ARE IN MEXICO.

In Mexico labor is cheaper, the cost of mining less, and the mining laws more favorable than in this country.

As patriotic American citizens, we may like to live under the Stars and Stripes but for investors in a mining enterprise no flag affords better protection than that of the Mexican Republic.

6. THE SHORT TIME—AS WELL AS THE SMALL CAPITAL—NEEDED TO PUT THE ENTERPRISE UPON A PAYING BASIS.

The new machinery for the enlargement and completion of the mill already erected on the Company's property has been designed and will be soon shipped to the mines. A few months will be ample for its erection and installation, and long before the end of this year we shall be producing with our own plant and reduction works.

Meanwhile, ores are being taken out that can be shipped to the smelters for treatment at a handsome profit.

Make checks payable to the order of Myra B. Martin, Secretary, and forward them to the office of the Company.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE A. TREADWELL
Geologist and Metallurgist, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and Phœnix, Arizona.

ANDY EVANS
Mine Owner and Operator, 294 Central Park West, New York.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON
Capitalist, 223 Florida Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

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MYRA B. MARTIN
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LEONARD A. HEID
Mine Owner and Operator, Durango, Mexico.

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Lawyer, Durango, Mexico, and Senator in Mexican Congress from Durango, Mexico.

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